

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

## Contents for October, 1924.

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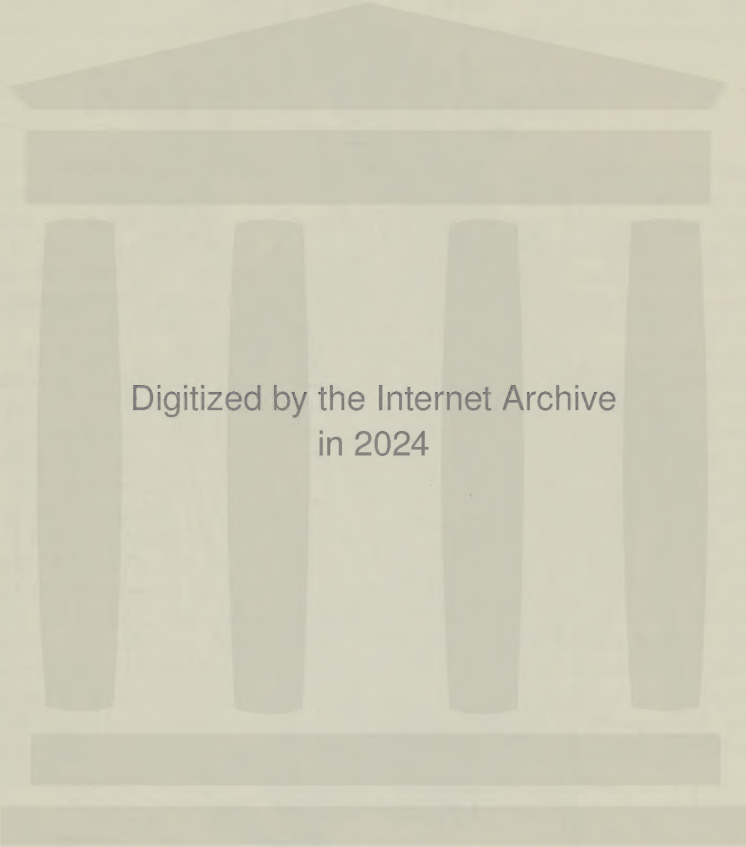
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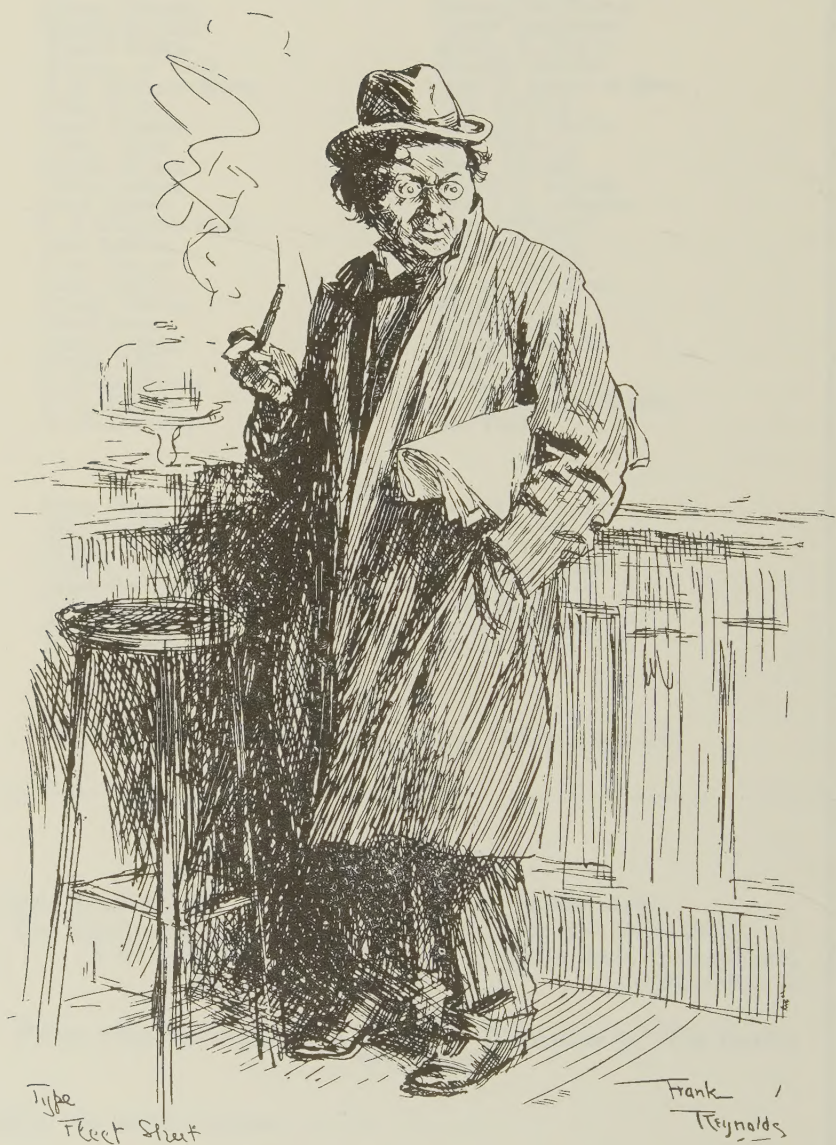
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TYPE, FLEET STREET.

From a Drawing

By

FRANK REYNOLDS.

# THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

*Edited by SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.*

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Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1924.

No. 3.

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## Notes of the Month.

Some correspondents in the Dublin Press are highly indignant because it was stated that negotiations had been opened with English publishers for the publication of works to which Tailteann Literary Prizes had been awarded. Why go to English publishers? Are not Irish publishers good enough? So the indignant ones shouted. Such people are unaware, evidently, of the plight of Irish publishing. They are not aware that Irish publishing houses are now, alas, very few, and that publishing enterprise has almost ceased to be. When the number of new books published in Ireland, say, last year is compared with the publishing activity of from ten to fifteen years ago, a very marked difference will be noted. Fifteen years ago Dublin seemed to be coming into its own again as a publishing centre—the quality of the matter published, no less than the printing and the format of the books, attracted attention throughout the world. But time and the public have altered all that, and now the work of the best Irish writers must be sought for in the announcements of English publishers. For this state of things the Irish public is very largely, though not entirely, to blame; some of the fault rests upon the publishers themselves. But it must be confessed that the book-buying portion of the Irish public is very small, and the section that prefers books by Irish authors, published in Ireland, is negligible. If judgment of the popular taste of the moment may be delivered, from the evidence of the displayed stocks of Dublin booksellers, only cowboy books are now required. Quite recently a fully-grown, apparently intelligent, man walked into a city bookshop and very calmly asked to be supplied with a “Buffalo Bill.” Surely it is not to be expected that authors or publishers could flourish in Ireland upon that kind of demand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The new sixpenny delivery tax imposed upon parcels will bear especially heavily upon booksellers and bookbuyers. It is one thing to impose a tax of sixpence upon a ton of flour, but it is quite another matter to impose it upon a book or a parcel of books. When the tax is imposed upon books, as it is, it is simply an outrage, as, things being as they are, books are sent almost invariably in small parcels. Large consignments of books would, of course, be welcomed if they were possible, but publishing is not yet, at least so far as new books are concerned, a large-scale industry. Of new books only small quantities are ordered by the booksellers, and the imposition of this tax will mean that numbers of new books will not be ordered at all. Then there is the buyer of second-hand books to be considered. In Ireland there is a large number of



readers whose finances preclude the purchase of new books, and in this number is reckoned the most cultured and widely-read section of the Irish people. These people make their purchases from the second-hand catalogues of the London Circulating Libraries at prices which are usually attractively low. Now this tax is imposed to deprive them of, perhaps, one book in every parcel. Then the people who get their books from the very fine, and cheap, London Libraries are also imposed upon. For what reason or for what purpose? To encourage the circulation and distribution of books in Ireland? Nonsense! The condition of the Irish publishing business is sufficient comment upon that. So far as its imposition upon books is concerned the tax is iniquitous. It is an outrage and ought to be removed immediately. Taxing the acquisition of knowledge is not the way to produce an educated and a cultured state, and this tax upon knowledge should be abolished forthwith. Perhaps the Secretary of the Post Office will take action in the matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now that the possibilities of an Irish currency are being discussed from the financial and economic points of view, the time is opportune to insert a word from the artistic view-point. We have little reason to be congratulatory about the artistic excellence of our postage stamps, and it is to be hoped that, if and when coinage is being considered, a higher standard will prevail. Some time ago the British Government appointed a permanent Fine Arts Committee to advise it upon all matters relative to design, architecture, and other artistic questions and the Irish Government might do worse than imitate it. There are many other things than coinage and postage stamps upon which such a Committee might be asked to advise. Within a short time the question of housing the Oireachtas must be considered for definite solution, and the erection of parliament buildings will very probably have to be undertaken. On a question of this kind the best Irish artistic advice obtainable must be secured, and a Committee such as is suggested is the proper body to advise the Government. Then something more worthy than the so-called Cenotaph on Leinster Lawn must surely be erected in due time? And evidently advice is necessary on this matter also. A permanent Consultative Committee to advise upon all matters of art would probably aid very considerably in raising artistic standards generally. The Royal Hibernian Academy must soon have a new permanent home, the destroyed buildings which once distinguished Dublin must be restored, a National Theatre is in prospect, and efforts are being made to provide a Concert Hall. All these are matters of great importance, though passion is not roused by them. A Fine Arts Committee is the obvious body to consider them and to give advice upon them.

\* \* \* \* \*

The announcement that Mr. Clement Shorter is bringing to Dublin the statue of P. H. Pearse, sculptured by his wife, for erection in Glasnevin Cemetery, will be gratefully noted. It suggests, however, some consideration of the whole question of public memorials and the necessity for something better than chance in their provision and erection. Some years ago a very wise precedent was set by the erection of the Mangan bust in Stephen's Green Park; and it was the hope of many that the precedent would not stand as a precedent merely, but that it might be followed by others as occasion offered. The Park might be made into a Pantheon in which the memory of those deserving the national honour might be permanently treasured. Its paths and avenues might

be set apart for the various types : one for Poets, one for Patriots, one for Painters, one for Scientists. In this way the nation's best in every sphere of life might be fittingly remembered in a way that the public would not be likely to ignore. The National Portrait Gallery is, of course, also a place for such a purpose, but the Gallery is only nominally public—the public can go into it, but it doesn't. The Park is a really public place, and the bust of James Clarence Mangan should not have stood so long alone. It ought to have been accompanied long since by a memorial bust to J. M. Synge. Synge is for the moment in eclipse in Ireland, but only in Ireland, as the recent tribute by Maxim Gorki testifies. Perhaps the clouded moment may be taken advantage of by Ireland, by Synge's friends and admirers in Ireland, to show that Ireland is not unmindful of the man whose greatness made her great in the eyes of Europe and America. No great sum of money would be needed, and probably much more than the amount required could be collected quickly. Synge's works have now passed to an English publisher, his plays are seldom on the Abbey stage, so something must be done to make Ireland realise that it was honoured by the fact that Synge was born here in 1871, did his work here, and died here in 1909. Lest we forget.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reference was made in these Notes some months ago to the large number of books on games published in England, and it was wondered whether there might not be a public in Ireland for a good book on Hurling. Since then nothing has been heard of a prospective book on Hurling, but England has added two books dealing with Cricket which give joy to the reader. *The Cricket Match*, by Hugh de Selincourt, and *Some Cover Shots*, a cricket anthology, are books which no lover of cricket, or for that matter no lover of outdoor sports of any kind, could fail to be interested in. Much fine writing is given to sport in England, but that is probably due to the influence of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Sport does not occupy in the life of Ireland anything like the relative position it occupies in the life of England. Sometimes it is very difficult to discover whether anything whatever occupies an important place in Irish life, but certain it is that sports do not. Only horses rouse writers in Irish newspapers to enthusiasm ; the notes devoted to sports generally are as bald and uninteresting as a single billiard ball, without table or cue. And it must be recognised that fine writing about sport is one of the most important requisites to excellence in sport. The artist in sport requires the critical consideration that is now reserved for the artist in words or the artist in paint, and until he gets it in Ireland we must be content to take a lowly place amongst the sporting nations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who conceive Texas as a land of wider and wilder Rodeos would be surprised by a copy of *The Texas Review*. Not a word in it about "bucking bronks," and cowboys might not be in existence. It is a very well-produced, scholarly Review, issued quarterly at the University of Texas, comparing favourably with the higher-class Reviews of Britain or America. The first thing that strikes one about *The Texas Review* is the complete absence of advertisements, but that is not by any means the most striking thing about it. From the number dated April, 1924, we gather that the University of Texas has been celebrating the Byron Centenary just as Europe did, and that one of the features of the celebration was an exhibition of Byron manuscripts. The opening article in the *Review* deals with "The Influence of Byron," by Professor



H. M. Jones, Head of the Department of Comparative Literature in the University of Texas. The article contains nothing that is novel, but it deals adequately with Byron's influence upon nineteenth century literature. Another article deals with the variations in manuscripts of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Professor Thornton S. Graves, of the University of North Carolina, contributes a very interesting article entitled "A Neglected Side of Dramatic Criticism." "No one," he says, "has filled a book with the interesting bulk of dramatic criticism composed extempore by the observant frequenters of box and pit and gallery," and he suggests that some industrious investigator would find in it a fascinatingly interesting subject. "The critical acumen for which the Dublin gallery has always been noted" has more than its fair share of the examples quoted, all of which are fairly well known. "My kingdom for a horse!" said Barry Sullivan as Richard III. "Will an ass do?" asked the voice from the gallery. "Certainly," retorted Sullivan, "call round to the stage door at once." In W. J. Whitbread's version of *Wolfe Tone* there is a tense moment when Tone walks into the room behind the door of which stands a soldier. This was once more than a lady in the gallery of the Queen's Theatre could stand, and as Tone entered the room she shrieked: "Look out, Mr. Wolfe Tone. He's behind the dure." The Professor is certainly right in suggesting a fascinatingly extensive field for the industrious worker, and if that worker have as much humour as industry the result should be no less fascinating.



# Contemporaries: Studies in Personality.

I.—T. M. KETTLE: THE HAMLET OF MODERN IRELAND.

By ANDREW E. MALONE.

**KETTLE** loved paradox; he was himself a paradox. At thirty-six he was dead, and into his thirty-six years of life he had crowded more apparent inconsistency and contradictoriness than any other hundred men of his many-faceted generation in Ireland. He was everything that was orthodox; everything that was normal in the Irish opinion of his time. He carried his orthodoxy, however, with a difference, and his conformity with the opinions then current and popular was suspect by those who sought to be dictators of thought and opinion. He was a Nationalist in politics and a member of the Irish Nationalist Party in Parliament, yet his policy was not that of John Redmond, his titular leader, or of Arthur Griffith, or of William O'Brien, or of Joseph Devlin. He was a very devout Catholic, yet his Catholicism was not that of the Irish Parish Priest, nor was it the Catholicism of the mass of his fellow-countrymen. He was a Democrat, yet his conception of Democracy was not that of Sheehy-Skeffington or of James Connolly, nor was it the easy-going conception of his fellow-politicians in the Ireland of his day. He believed in Self-Reliance as a policy for Ireland; but he would not recognise it under the label of Sinn Féin. He was an economist, Professor of National Economics in the National University of Ireland, who damned with lofty contempt the teachings of the "classic" economists. He was a humanist, for whom humanity as it existed was good enough, because it was as God made it; yet he was a social reformer whose soul was revolted by the terrible slums of Dublin and the dictatorial attitudes of the Dublin employers. He toyed with Socialism—many of his closest friends were Socialists—but he was never a Socialist as Fred Ryan or James Connolly were Socialists. He was anti-English only in being very emphatically pro-Irish; to his contemporaries he sometimes appeared anti-Irish because he was so very definitely European. He was never a "progressive" in the Victorian political sense, and he can easily be imagined as being as thoroughly in agreement with the disillusionment of Professor Bury and Dean Inge as he was with the fatigue of Anatole France. He was a pessimist who might have been mistaken for a cynic, whose attitude of philosophic doubt could rise to a defence of being narrow-minded. In his life he was a paradox; in his death he was a paradox. In his writing

and in his speech he delighted in paradox. Yet the paradox of T. M. Kettle is no enigma ; he was no sphinx whose riddle cannot be solved. He was one of the most lovable beings of his generation, with hosts of friends and admirers in many lands, and his own secret is just as open to all who would discover it as he thought that of Ireland to have been. Kettle is neither a secret nor a riddle, even though superficialities may point to the contrary, but an uncommonly brilliant and gifted man set in the very dull surroundings of his time. In this setting he shone and sparkled, was witty and epigrammatic, was an orator and an essayist, a politician and a professor, but he was above all a man who did his own thinking in a period when thought was suspect and individuality in thought very rare in Ireland. He summarised himself when he wrote :

Had we but coined the vision when it shone,  
 We, too, had ruled, and mocked the dispossessed.  
 Well ! we have the rags, the prudent have the riches—  
 We have not lived as wisely as the rest.

Kettle lived through the most depressing years of Ireland's recent history. He was born in 1880 and he died in 1916. His contact with the pulse of Ireland dated from the dawning of his consciousness. His father was one of Parnell's most trusted friends who stood by "the Chief" in the bad days as in the good. Kettle, therefore, in his very early years knew something of the Land War and its horrors : its evictions, its battering-rams, its jailings and its baton-charges. These things would naturally make a very deep impression on the mind of a young child, but the deepest impression was probably made by the great tragedy of Parnell. A child of ten tears old would not attempt to appraise Parnell or to apportion blame as his elders did, but he certainly would be impressed by the man. So young Kettle must have been impressed by that magnetic and winning personality which has since become in Ireland an heroic legend. The fall and destruction of such a personality could not fail to produce lasting effects upon a young mind so active and so intimately connected as that of Kettle must have been. So, perhaps, it is to the great tragedy of Charles Stewart Parnell that we may ascribe the pessimistic outlook of Thomas Michael Kettle. The child of ten years would have thought of the once-great-man, of what that great man had attempted, of what he had achieved, and what the end had been. Ingratitude, calumny, insult, death. He had been thrown to the wolves by those he had shepherded, and the price had not been paid. It was the Act of Union treachery repeated with impunity. It is highly probable that young Kettle, witnessing such a tragedy, would subconsciously and prematurely evolve the idea for himself that "all is vanity," and that at the end there are only the wolves which kill and devour without discrimination. Whatever you may do is wrong, everything you can do is futile, might very well have been the ideas generated by such a catastrophe in a young and vigorous mind. It was the same mind that wrote in 1910, twenty years later : "Life is a cheap table d'hôte in a rather dirty restaurant, with Time



changing the plates before you have had enough of anything." In *Kipps*, H. G. Wells makes his hero describe life as "a bally drain-pipe through which we must crawl to the end." To quote the two metaphors is to make Kettle's position clear. Wells stresses the dirty monotony, while Kettle stresses the change. Life is an uncertain thing, which with Kettle meant that his fellow-beings were very restless and fickle, contrasting sharply with his own belief in the futility of change. The crowds that had cheered Parnell afterwards hooted him and threw lime in his eyes, and the crowds that had paid the "Parnell Tribute" in defiance of clerical advice afterwards hooted its recipient in malicious glee! So were the plates in life's dirty restaurant changed for Parnell before he had had "enough of anything." And if so for Parnell, why not for everybody? Parnell had died, and the wrangling had followed for years above his grave. In the darkness of this tragedy was Kettle's mind formed, and in its formation that darkness was a dominant ingredient. The darkness was in the mind and developed with it—to a large extent the darkness may even have conditioned the growth. Hence the attitude of *qui bono* which was Kettle's most obvious characteristic as he faced the world. "For title I have ventured to use *The Day's Burden* because that seems to me to be the most characteristic thing about the day," he wrote in 1910 in a foreword to his book with that title. To feel the burden of the day and to confess it is not a common trait in a man of thirty; yet so it was with Kettle, and the confession was not that of a *poseur*. In later years Kettle wrote of Parnell:

Tears will betray all pride, but when ye mourn him,  
Be it in soldier-wise;  
As for a captain who had greatly borne him,  
And in the midnight dies.

Fewness of words is best; he was too great  
For ours or any phrase.  
Love could not guess, nor the slipped hound of hate  
Track his soul's secret ways.

Signed with a sign, unbroken, unrevealed,  
His Calvary he trod;  
So let him keep, where all world wounds are healed,  
The silences of God.

Yet is he Ireland's too: a flaming coal  
Lit at the stars, and sent  
To burn the sin of patience from her soul,  
The scandal of content.

A name to be a trumpet of attack;  
And in the evil stress,  
For England's iron No! to fling her back  
A grim granitic Yes.

## The Dublin Magazine

He taught us more, this best as it was last :  
 When comrades go apart  
 They shall go greatly, cancelling the past,  
 Slaying the kindlier heart.

Friendship and love, all clean things and unclean,  
 Shall be as drifted leaves,  
 Spurned by our Ireland's feet, that queenliest Queen  
 Who gives not, but receives.

So freedom comes, and comes no otherwise ;  
 He gave—The Chief gave well ;  
 Limned in his blood across your clearing skies  
 Look up and read : Parnell.

The burden of Kettle's day was the burden of Parnell's sacrifice. Parnell had been given to the wolves—his English and his Irish enemies—and the price agreed upon had not been forthcoming. The burden of Parnell was the burden of Kettle and the burden of the generation to which Kettle belonged. The sacrifice of Parnell had not been sufficient, and some greater sacrifice must be made to give freedom to "that queenliest Queen who gives not, but receives." The hero of Kettle's childhood had been sacrificed under his eyes ; sacrificed by the ingratitude of the people for whom he had given his life's work and his family's fortune. So could Kettle say, at the age of twenty-five, of Irish politics : "I think that one should take enthusiasm for the driving force and irony as a refuge against the inevitable disappointments. . . . Disillusionment is so commonly the fifth act of political agitation. . . . But a wise man soon grows disillusioned of disillusionment. The first lilac freshness of life will, indeed, never return. The graves are sealed, and no hand will open them to give us back dead comrades or dead dreams. As we look out on the burdened march of humanity, as we look in on the leashed but straining passions of our unpurified hearts, we can but bow our heads and accept the discipline of pessimism."

Kettle's pessimism was never opposed. It was an inherent belief in the futility of human endeavour. He did not believe, as did John Stuart Mill, that mankind would continue to improve ; nor did he believe that there was any real necessity for the changes which pass for improvement in our day. He had not that great faith in mankind which his friends Fred Ryan and Sheehy-Skeffington possessed in such a marked degree. He was a sceptic who never believed entirely in anything in this world. That is not to say that he did not sympathise with anything, for, indeed, his sympathy and support were given to many things and to many causes. Out of his pessimism grew his great pity for mankind. Sometimes he made one think that he desired, with Thomas Davis, only "a rushing steed, and any good cause at all," because he took his part in all the movements in the Ireland of his day. He portrayed himself rather than Anatole



France when he wrote : " It is the face of a soldier ready to die for a flag in which he does not entirely believe." Kettle believed, or believed he believed, in many causes, but he never had that burning faith which enables men to make converts and which is the raw material of martyrs. His attitude towards life had something in it of the attitudes of Hardy and Conrad. Life was earnest, but it was, nevertheless, futile ; his fatalism was, however, that of a devout Catholic and was entirely Christian. There was in it, therefore, more of the outlook of Conrad than of Hardy, because Kettle, like Conrad, believed there was " a Destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." Consequently, he could never quite lose himself in any cause. His being revolted against the necessity of change—he countenanced change with deep regret and very great reluctance. " We praise the pioneer," he wrote, " but we praise him on wrong grounds. His strength lies not in his leaning out to new things—that may be mere curiosity—but in his power to abandon old things. All his courage is a courage of Adieus." He had not the courage of his Pioneer, he had not the " courage of Adieus," he loved the old things too deeply ; but he had courage of the stoic who would not complain. For the poor and the dispossessed his sympathy was profound, and it was this sympathy which made him seem eager for any changes he ever advocated. He took the side of the workers in the great Dublin strike of 1913, and he advocated the extension of the franchise to women, but in these instances his conservatism was overborne by his sense of justice, and he could not stand by idly when his assistance seemed to be necessary. So he came down from his tower and took his part in the fray. But his attitude towards life was not altered by these excursions, no more than it was altered by his experiences as a politician. He was in the battle, but he was also above the battle ; one had only to hear him to know that the causes were not entirely his own—he was merely helping " the other fellow." He was entirely objective in his sympathy and entirely Platonic in his advocacy. Anatole France came into the battle and went back to his tower a very much disillusioned man. Kettle was not disillusioned by his experiences, because he had had no illusions—he remained " fatigued " after, as before, having become disillusioned of disillusionment at an earlier age than others become illusioned.

In politics " one should take enthusiasm as the driving force and irony as a refuge." Of enthusiasm Kettle had not a liberal equipment, but his irony was sufficiently in evidence to serve as a weapon of attack not less than as a refuge. Nevertheless, he became a politician and a member of the party against the weakness of which he had spent several years in attack. The Young Ireland Branch of the United Irish League, of which Kettle had been one of the founders, and of which many of the men since very prominent in Irish affairs were members, did not approve of the comparatively inactive policy of the Irish Nationalist Party in Parliament, or of Mr. John Redmond's very limited demands for Irish autonomy. A parliament equal in status to the parliament of New South Wales or

Saskatchewan was what Mr. Redmond had demanded, and the Young Ireland Branch had revolted. The policy suggested by the Young Ireland Branch was "Dominion Home Rule," and with this policy Kettle was in complete agreement, though not as a "final" settlement. "There is not," he said to the Young Ireland Branch in 1905, "I suppose, a more insistent and wide spread demand with regard to Irish questions than that they should be 'finally' settled. But once grasp the idea of a state as a living, developing organism, and this expectation of finality is seen to be a pure illusion. Popular thought is never altogether wrong, and, of course, there is an obvious sense in which, for example, a comprehensive measure of Home Rule might be regarded as a 'final' settlement of our political status. Still, even in this case, the notion is illusory and misleading. Life is growth; growth is change; and the one thing of which we are certain is that life must keep moving on. Freedom is a battle and a march. It has many bivouacs, but no barracks."

In this mood Kettle was sent to Westminster by East Tyrone in 1908. His selection as a candidate was regarded as something of a victory for the policy of the Young Ireland Branch; his success was a personal triumph. He won the seat by nineteen votes after one of the most strenuous election campaigns of recent times. As an orator he had no equals of his own generation and very few in the older generations which were comprised in the membership of the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary Party. His speeches breathed "a pessimism stabbed and gashed with the radiance of epigrams," and his delivery was solid and musical. With his knowledge and his power of speech he soon secured for himself a prominent place at Westminster, and few men so young have had his satisfaction of a "full house" when they rose to speak. But though he was ambitious of success in the grand style, and though Westminster offered the best possible arena at the time, he soon tired of it. His pessimistic realism found the atmosphere of Westminster very uncongenial. He quoted Herbert Spencer once: "What I need to realise is how infinitesimal is the importance of anything I can do, and how infinitely important it is that I should do it." To Herbert Spencer this was a call to action—to Kettle it was but a call to argument, to discussion, to meditation. The Palace of St. Stephen at Westminster is not the best possible place for the practice of these austerities, and Kettle must often have cried out in the words of his master, Chesterton, "Will someone take me to a pub," and rescue me from spiritual and mental atrophy. He found in conversation the outlet he needed, and he has left behind him the reputation of having been one of the most brilliant conversationalists of his age. He was very like his native City of Dublin, witty, ironic, sympathetic, ineffective. To do things is the work of others; let them do it so they disturb not the peace and the amenities.

Yet Kettle had a definite philosophy of politics which in fundamentals was little different from that of James Connolly. "Politics," he said, "is the province not of the second best, as has been said, but of



the second worst. We must be content, or try to be content, with little. But we must continue loyal to the instinct that makes us hope much; we must believe in all the 'Utopias.' The object of government is order, he pointed out, and "behind order there is life, and it is only in so far as it tends to increase the sum and improve the quality of life that any system of government or scheme of positive law is ethically justifiable." He found his guiding principles in Nationality and Democracy, and upon them he based all his reformist pleas; these pleas were all for freedom for nations or for individuals. "The nation," Kettle quotes from Anatole France, "is a communion of memories and of hopes," and suggests that nationality is part of the need for individual self-realisation. Such a suggestion is interesting, as Kettle was always a determined individualist, who viewed critically and ironically every theory of Socialism, and seemed to think every Socialist an object of pity. His German education brought him into contact with the philosophy of Nietzsche and very largely conditioned his individualist creed. His faith in Democracy was individualist. "We have discovered that nobody is wise enough or pure enough to bear the temptation of uncontrolled power, and we are endeavouring as far as possible to remove such occasions of sin. The democratic spirit may be said to be more or less expressible in two propositions. The first is that government should rest on the active consent of the governed. It is this right and the necessity of human nature that has been behind the demand for representative institutions from the beginning of the nineteenth century to the end, from the Paris barricades of 1830 and the English Reform Bill of 1832 to the Russian Revolution and the Woman Suffrage Movement. The second thesis of democracy is, roughly, that any one self-supporting and law-abiding citizen is, on the average, as well qualified as another for the work of government. I should prefer to put it that no citizen, or section of citizens, is as likely to conduct the government for the general benefit as the whole body of citizens acting in concert. Wherever there is a privileged class there is corruption, and a cult of sectional to the disregard of wider interests." Thus is Democracy but another aspect of the individual need for self-realisation and self-expression. Nationality and Democracy as Kettle visioned them were necessities for every individual, parts of individual liberty, and essential to individual self-government. They were as he visioned them the obverse and reverse of the same thing, which is the People, and each would be as good or as bad as that which they represented. Nationality would be the aspiration or the goal of the People; Democracy would be the route and the method; but neither was to Kettle what they are to so many, ends in themselves, any more than was "law and order." They must both add to the richness and the volume of life, to its variety, to its culture, to its dignity, to pass his searchingly critical tests. It must be borne in mind that the Russian Revolution to which Kettle referred was that of 1905, with its terrible Bloody Sunday massacre. What his opinion of the more recent Russian Revolution would have been can be discerned from

his general attitude towards Socialism in any form. Whether his opinions would have changed had he lived through the events of the past five years it is difficult to say. These events might have altered his view-point very considerably, and it is possible that what he would have noted about Russia was that a long-suffering people had been goaded to desperation.

Nationality did not mean for Kettle what it means for so many Irishmen; it did not mean isolation. He would have found no effective use for that famous wall of brass around Ireland envisaged by Bishop Berkeley and accepted for political use by Arthur Griffith. To Kettle nationality necessitated taking and not giving only. He would import as much or more than he exported; and not the usual goods of commerce only, but those goods of culture of which Otto Effertz speaks also in large quantities. He accepted Nietzsche's ideal of the Good European, and he never forgot that Ireland was an integral part of Europe. Not to the British Empire only did Ireland owe allegiance, but much more to Europe and to the world. The interdependence of nations he accepted as he accepted the interdependence of individuals. "In order to become deeply Irish," he said, "Ireland must become European." This statement was made in 1910, when it was the fashion in Ireland to believe and to state the opposite. It was held then very strongly, and it is held to a considerable extent still, that Ireland must have itself for centre and itself for circumference. Kettle held that a "strong people has its own self for centre, it has the universe for circumference." "A national literature," he wrote, "that seeks to found itself in isolation from the general life of humanity can only produce the pale and waxen growths of a plant isolated from the sunlight. In gaining her own soul Ireland will gain the whole world." The whole world would be open when Ireland had control of its own destinies. Such an opinion was decidedly heterodox at that time, and because of this heterodoxy it was suggested, and even stated, that Kettle was not a good Nationalist. He never believed in the doctrines propounded by Arthur Griffith. Sinn Fein was too narrow a creed for him even in its widest interpretation. He rejected it resolutely when it was applied to the political conditions of his time. He countered Griffith's "parallel to Hungary" with the "parallel to Bohemia," and thereby made the discovery that George Moore made at his famous luncheon with Count Lutzw. Bohemia asserted its separate political and linguistic identity while still a part of the Austrian Empire, and while its representatives sat in the Reichsrath at Vienna. What was possible for Bohemia was just as possible for Ireland, said Kettle, and there was consequently no necessity to give up the publicity of Westminster or to forego anything that could be squeezed from that assembly. In his paper, *The Nationist*, Kettle kept his arguments going against the propaganda of Griffith. There was, however, much more involved in the discussion than the question of mere attendance at, or abstention from, the Parliament at Westminster. For Kettle the circle drawn by Griffith was much too narrow, and though he could, and did, make a



defence of being narrow-minded, he would not consent to have his own mind or his own horizon restricted. As the individual takes his place in the nation, so must Ireland take her place in the polity of Europe, said Kettle in effect, and he had a vision of that which W. T. Stead used to call the United States of Europe when he pitted his policy against that of Griffith. The policy of Griffith presented itself to Kettle as one of national isolation for the sake of being isolated, and he rejected it instinctively as he rejected other catch-cries of his day. "The cry of order for order's sake is as ruinously foolish," he wrote, "as that of art for art's sake, or money for money's sake. It is for the sake of humanity that all must exist." Kettle was all for humanity: Griffith was all for Ireland. Ultimately they both desired the same state of things, but they started from different ends, as did Adam Smith and Frederick List. Smith and List produced the Free Trade and the Protectionist schools respectively in economics, but fundamentally and ultimately they both aimed at the same thing. Kettle was an internationalist because he was a nationalist; Griffith was a nationalist who must have become an internationalist by the exigencies of politics. The divergence of opinion was good for Ireland—good because the discussions it produced kept the existence of Europe before the mind of Ireland, and to have missed Europe would have been to have lost a world without gaining a soul.

"It is, perhaps, excusable that Socialism should believe in the infinite perfectability of the human race. But it is necessary that the world of culture should retain its sense of limitation. Humanity must at all costs refuse to be satisfied with itself." Thus Kettle wrote, and, though many of his most intimate friends were what he called "St. Pauls of Socialism," he was never a Socialist nor a believer in Socialist doctrines. He, however, anticipated Jim Larkin's doctrine of "Divine Discontent" when he said "humanity must at all costs refuse to be satisfied with itself." In 1907 Kettle attended the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart and wrote a vivid account of his impressions for an English newspaper. "If one never got tired," he wrote, "one would be always with the revolutionaries, the remakers, with Fourier and Kropotkin. But the soul's energy is straitly limited; and with weariness there comes the need for compromise, for 'machines,' for repetition, for routine. Fatigue is the beginning of political wisdom." He quotes Vaillant, the French Socialist leader, as saying "our programme was once a gospel of enthusiasm. Now it is a party machine." The acceptance, even the dominance, of the national idea in the *Internationale* struck Kettle as a source of weakness; the Great War proved that the idea of Nationality could smash the *Internationale*. "Are not those who claim that a complete synthesis of nationalism and internationalism has been effected," asked Kettle, "a little premature?" He lived to see the same Gustave Hervé whom he saw standing on the table at the Stuttgart Congress voting for the anti-militarist resolution "with both hands," become one of the most fiery of French Nationalists. "The Congress will do more

to guarantee the peace of the world," Kettle was told at Stuttgart, "than twenty Hague Conferences." Seven years after the Stuttgart Congress saw the socialists of Europe fight and kill each other just as gaily and as savagely as did the conservative nationalists. So did his summary prove prophetic: "When you had swept away preconceptions and prejudices you found International Socialism unexpectedly human—human, above all, in its fundamental mistake."

With one Socialist, however, Kettle found something of an affinity, and his exposition of the theories of Otto Effertz is probably the only exposition of those theories in English. There can be little doubt that Effertz wears his red tie with a difference. "He is a Socialist," says Kettle, "because Socialism is the only form of economic organisation that will allow him to be a gentleman. His theory holds out to humanity the promise, not of a more abundant table, but of more delicate table-manners. . . . To Effertz the hunger-socialism, as one may call it, is at once unworthy and unscientific. Not by bread alone do men live, but by culture and freedom—freedom, above all, to speak the truth. He stands for a social ideal of four dimensions; for to *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, he has added another watchword, more strident and exacting than any of these, *Dignité*. His case against individualism is not that it breaks the bodies of the poor with famine, but that it defiles the soul of all men, the rich as well as the poor." It was probably this note in Effertz that attracted Kettle, though the mathematical economics would also attract him. Culture and Freedom might have been taken as a motto by him, and all his struggles were on behalf of culture and freedom for the nation and for the citizen. Even Otto Effertz, however, did not convert him to Socialism, and he ends his exposition of the doctrines of the most exquisite of Socialists by stating: "While he has not made Socialism more tolerable he has at least made it more acute, and his contribution to Pure Economics possesses a high value, not at all dependent upon its practical creed."

Culture and Freedom were the objectives, as they were the bases, of Kettle's lifelong activities. "You are free," he said, "to feel that all the problems that beset us are insoluble on condition that you help to solve them." He felt that the problems were insoluble, but he, nevertheless, gave his help to attempt to solve them. He rose to every occasion with an epigram and a fine gesture. He was never an extremist—his pessimistic weariness prevented that—and in a country where the normal young man is idealistically Utopian, Kettle was a philosophic realist. Because of this he compromised often, but only when compromise could produce something for which he had struggled. He compromised because he preferred one bird in the hand to a hundred in the bush. He never wavered in his struggle for culture and freedom, and he never compromised in his belief in the necessity for Ireland of large, wide European ideals and of political freedom. His policy for Ireland consisted of "equal parts of Home Rule and the Ten Commandments," by the application

of which a greater revolution would have been produced than by the high-sounding, and apparently more extreme, programmes of his contemporaries. His programme was simply that freedom and culture which he so consistently sought for himself and so ardently desired for all. He would hold out his hand in friendship to England, but his conditions were numerous, and in his gesture of friendship is discovered his testament.

Bond from the toil of hate we may not cease :  
 Free, we are free to be your friend.  
 And when you make your banquet, and we come,  
 Soldier with equal soldier must we sit,  
 Closing a battle, not forgetting it.  
 With not a name to hide,  
 This mate and mother of valiant "rebels" dead  
 Must come with all her history on her head.  
 We keep the past for pride :  
 No deepest peace shall strike our poets dumb :  
 No rawest squad of all Death's volunteers,  
 No rudest man who died  
 To tear your flag down in the bitter years,  
 But shall have praise, and three times thrice again,  
 When at the table men shall drink with men.

He joined the British Army in this spirit to defend, as he thought, his ideals of freedom and culture. In Germany had he lived and been educated, Germany he loved, but France he loved more ardently; and France had been attacked. So he joined the British Army to aid France and to aid Europe. He had seen Prussianism in Prussia, and he had seen it in Ireland, and he did not like it—when it set out upon conquest he did his part in trying to prevent it going very far. His recruiting speeches were probably the most daringly original of their kind. "Come and help Belgium—the latest and greatest of evicted tenants," he invited an audience that knew from experience what it felt like to be an evicted tenant. The speeches were magnificent, but they did not "fill up the ranks of the last brigade"—they merely brought upon him the irony of a man more bitter than he, and as clever, who wrote :

Far from the battle's blare and blaze,  
 From shells that smash and Huns that hit,  
 In quiet unobtrusive ways  
 The New Crusader does his bit.

When that was written Ireland had eluded Kettle and had begun a new crusade which was different from his, and which was distinctively Irish. Ireland refused to be interested in the possible submergence of European civilisation, the mere thought of which made Kettle cease to be weary and become active and energetic. So his speeches fell upon deaf ears. He had helped in the organisation of the Irish Volunteers, and had purchased some of the rifles with which they were armed, but he had no idea of, or control over, how, when, or why those rifles might



be used. He lived to see them used in a fight for an Irish Republic in the streets of Dublin—a fight in which many of his friends perished. He had agreed that a war for Irish Independence would be “justifiable if it were possible,” in 1905, but he did not agree with the Rising of Easter, 1916. Pearse and Connolly had both been his friends, but he thought their action had destroyed his dream of an Ireland enjoying the freedom of Europe. He was deeply grieved by the executions which followed the suppression of the revolt, and on his last visit to Dublin from France in July, 1916, he spoke as a doomed man whose life work had been shattered. His words to Ireland seemed to prophesy what came after :

Men so worthy  
Suffered for thee,  
Men so poor can die ;  
Then come gather  
All, or rather  
Those who ask not why.

He returned to France saddened and dispirited by what had occurred in Ireland. Not a single ray of sunshine came to cheer or gladden him. Everything for which he had struggled seemed to have been lost and forgotten, so that Death held no terror, but rather an invitation, for him. He met Death on the Somme fighting for that Freedom and Culture to the advancement of which he had devoted his gifts and his days. Politician, economist, mathematician, philosopher, Bohemian, and scholar, and Quixotic withal—adored or abused, he had always his charm. There was nothing of the ordinary, nothing of the commonplace about him ; indeed, had he but possessed a little ordinariness and commonness to harden and roughen him, he might easily have lived to be the leading Irish Statesman of his day. But he followed his gleam, and it led him to a soldier's grave on the banks of the Somme. “The wisdom of humility bids us pray that in the fifth act we may have good lines and a timely exit,” he wrote in his essay “On Saying Good-bye.” He had his good lines and his timely exit—but before departing he recapitulated for his daughter that philosophy which had guided his own life, and which has undoubtedly influenced much that is good in the Ireland of our day, and which will probably be even more markedly influential in days that are yet to come :

You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own,  
And the dear heart that was your baby throne,  
To dice with Death. And, oh ! they'll give you rhyme  
And reason : Some will call the thing sublime  
And some decry it in a knowing tone.  
So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,  
And tired men sigh, with mud for couch and floor,  
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,  
Died not for Flag, nor King, nor Emperor,  
But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,  
And for the secret Scripture of the poor.





JOHN CUNNINGHAM,  
Poet and Actor,  
1729-1773.  
From a Contemporary Print.



# Reflections on an Old Portrait.

By W. J. LAWRENCE.

THERE are hosts of people whose souls are so utterly out of harmony with the rough and tumble of our sordid, mechanistic world that one is apt to wonder for what particular purpose they were ever incarnated. Purpose of some sort there must be : nothing in life is meaningless. Let it be what it might, the human misfit is at once the indictment and the corrosive of our poor pitiful civilisation. The only possible response is an alienating *tu quoque*. But to hurl the epithet "drone" is to indicate all unthinkingly that even the wastrel has his place in the economy of nature. Superficially his main aim seems to be to evade the rigours of life by living it objectively. With drink or drug he sloughs his ego. Some temperaments of a more active and more refined order effect the same psychical transference by living the phantasmal life of the player. People much given to personate others seldom trouble to personate themselves : that was why the great Elliston, Lamb's favourite, acted both on and off the stage.

At last one can understand the glamour of the footlights for the incompetent, why so many human moths burn their wings at the histrionic flame. Typical of these was John Cunningham, upon whose portrait we are musing. Adapted neither by temperament nor physique for the precarious, pulsative life of the player, the stage to him was irresistible. With a figure so fragile, a mind so contemplative, a spirit so cloistered, it would be a question of how the devil he got into that galley, had we not revealed the secret. Never to such as he comes the flood tide which leads on to fortune : existence for them passes inevitably in shallows and miseries.

So we dub them failures !

Cunningham had the poetic mind. In that he resembled most of these so-called failures, a fact wherein lies the gravamen of the aforesaid indictment of that veneered savagery which we dignify with the name of civilisation. As a boy he lisped in numbers to a small, if admiring, circle. But the note of tragedy in his life was struck early. Born in Dublin in 1729, of pure Scots parentage, he was the younger son of a wine cooper who went bankrupt and died broken-hearted. His elder brother, Patrick, having shown artistic leanings, was educated gratuitously by the (Royal) Dublin Society and apprenticed to Van Nost, the sculptor, whose equestrian statue of William III., so long a bone of contention between the Orange and the Green, still has an abiding-place in our city. Endowed with more than his share of Scots industry, he found his niche and prospered. His friend, John O'Keeffe, tells us that he invented

“ the small basso relievo portraits in wax of the natural colours ; they had oval frames and convex, crystal glasses, and were in great fashion.” Perchance a few of these still remain in the cabinets of collectors and in our bric-à-brac shops. Patrick tried to help John in after life, but John was one of those who could not be helped. His unfortunate leanings towards the stage had shown themselves early. At the age of seventeen he had written a farce called *Love in a Mist ; or, The Lass of Spirit*, which proved to be his only dramatic production and which he had difficulty in getting acted. There was no Abbey Theatre then for promising aspirants. The dashing West Britons who formed the backbone of the early eighteenth century Dublin playgoing public had absolutely no liking for anything devoid of the London hall-mark. Eventually, however, a single performance of Cunningham’s farce was given in the little City Theatre in Capel Street, that short-lived house which stood obscurely at the rear of the Meeting House in Mary’s Abbey. Mr. and Mrs. Mynitt played it there for their benefit on May 22nd, 1747.

It was an inauspicious beginning, but there is sheer delight in hearing one’s words spoken for the first time in a theatre, and Cunningham’s heart was set all aflame. Silently he folded his tent and stole away to England to turn stroller. But his experience was pitiful : capability, resource, the necessary coarseness of temperament, all were lacking. Save in one or two farcical French characters he never got into grips with his audience. But in 1761, when fortune brought him to Edinburgh and kept him there for a year or two, there was momentary respite. There, besides acting small parts, he constituted himself stock theatre-poet, writing neatly-turned rhymed addresses for delivery by West Digges or the blue-eyed Bellamy. Most of these are to be found in his volume of miscellaneous Poems published in London in 1766.

Generalisations are rarely comprehensive. Though one may concede that “ God made the country and man made the town,” it is no less certain that God and man united in the making of Edinburgh. All that was best in Cunningham was brought out in the bracing Scots capital by obsessions born of its beauty. Here it was that he wrote those delicate gossamer-like pastoral poems so much admired in his own day and by the generation succeeding, though long since crammed into Time’s wallet. It is by these he has the right to be recalled, but with the anthologist it is a case of narrow selection, plus personal preferences, and none are so sympathetic as to do him reverence.

Early theatrical governments in Edinburgh were notoriously short-lived, and in process of time there arose an autocrat of the playhouse who knew not Joseph. Indolent and unaspiring, Cunningham, after a feeble attempt to gain literary foothold in London, returned to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he had formerly made friends, and there, in privation and obscurity, ended his days. The irregular life of the stroller, all compact of dissipation and viscissitude, had told its tale ; and in an autumn day in 1773 the poor stormed-tossed soul found haven.

# The Bookman.

No. 2.

## OLD SCHOOL PRIZES.

**I**F the principle that virtue is its own reward were to be rigidly enforced, even the best of us—do I presume too much, courteous reader?—would step down from the pinnacle of success feeling rather empty-handed.

Virtue undiluted is too austere : most of us, I think, prefer it a trifle sweet : give us bouquet if you can, but body at all costs.

In youth or age the carrot ahead is pleasant to look forward to : whether provided in reality by someone else or in imagination by ourselves.

Preceptors, at least as long ago as St. Jerome, recognised this in practice—*mutatis* of course *mutandis*—though the principle was not given special prominence until the educational activity of the Jesuits began at the end of the sixteenth century. Books would seem the obvious thing for school prizes, and it is strange that they were only first adopted by the Jesuits in their colleges.

In the *Bibliophile*, August, 1908, Mr. A. W. Pollard wrote what is, I think, the first article on the subject of old school prizes : he was particularly anxious to ascertain when they were first given in England.

As the subject is new I will refer to this and some other articles before dealing with Irish prizes. The earliest authenticated example of a book-prize which Mr. Pollard had then found was a note of a *Suetonius* (Lyons, 1548), in the catalogue of the late Mr. Charles Eldon, described as “one of the prizes from the College de la Flèche, bound in red morocco, stamped on back and sides with gold fleurs-de-lys and the arms of Louis XIV., as the donor of the prize.” The certificate inside the book was dated September the 3rd, 1687, signed “C. Caignaud e Soc. Jesu,” and bore the seal of the Jesuit Order. This book Mr. Pollard did not actually see.

The next earliest he had found was a *Seneca* (Bale, 1529) in the British Museum, bound in brown morocco, stamped with gold fleurs-de-lys, and with the letters “SP” at the corners, and within a wreath of palm leaves in the centres of the covers. It was given as a prize at the Sorbonne in 1702.

In the *Bibliophile* for September, 1908, Mr. J. J. Maxwell wrote giving particulars of an earlier prize, a large volume of Demosthenes and Aeschines dated Frankfort, 1604, with the certificate showing it was presented at Amsterdam in 1662.



## The Dublin Magazine

Mr. Pollard returned to the quest in the *Bookman's Journal* for January, 1921. He had then discovered two earlier examples: one an edition of the *Thesaurus Ciceronianus* of Antonius Schorus, Leyden, 1619, which according to the certificate was awarded at the French Jesuit College de la Flèche in 1629. The other was a book presented at the Jesuit College of Chalons in 1640 to a youth named Carolus Benignus de Thiene. It was printed at Leyden in 1636, and bore this title: *Antonii Milliei Lugdunensis, e Societate Jesu, Moyses Viator, seu Imago militantis ecclesiae Mosaicis peregrinantis ecclesiae typis adumbrata*.

We can imagine Carolus when he got home for the summer holidays showing this prize of his to dad, in hope of sympathy, and dad handing out a stone—"Ah! yes," with reminiscent sigh, "ah, yes, my boy, your school-days are the ——" you know.

The book, however, is handsomely bound, and bears on the covers (reproduced in the article) an armorial stamp within an oval ribbon, inscribed, *Hoc te munere donavit Anthonius Druot*, with date beneath "1640." I refer to this below.

The present writer, happening to have two earlier examples, contributed another article to the *Bookman's Journal*, in May 1923. These books are, first a *Parodiae Morales* of Stephanus, Paris, 1575, apparently from the names in the certificate, a Dutch prize—the College not being mentioned—presented in 1621. The second is a *Marcus Antoninus*, Leyden, 1626, seemingly a French prize, the certificate showing it to have been presented in 1628, again no college being mentioned.

In this article I also stated that although I could not bring forward any strictly English book-prize before 1750, I possessed two Irish prizes (they always seemed to turn up in pairs!) presented in Trinity College, Dublin, before that date. One was a folio *Plato*, Leyden, 1590, given in 1741; the other, also a *Plato*, *Septem Selecti Dialogi*, 1738, being the first book printed at the Academy Press (but not the first printed at the University)—presented in 1743.

Prize-giving in Dublin University owed its origin to the well-known Dr. Samuel Madden. It seems from observations in a pamphlet of his published in 1731, that prizes in money or books were not given in Irish schools before his time. In England, John Brinsley, master of the Grammar School at Ashby de la Zouche, was alive to the idea, as appears from his *Ludus Literarius*, 1612, as Mr. Pollard mentions, but confesses that he never came across an actual prize or even a catalogue entry of any such given in England before 1750.

The present writer has since discovered, through Mr. McGrath, bookseller, of Dublin, an Irish example earlier than any of the Irish prizes above. It is a *Don Quixote*, translated by Shelton and Blunt, four volumes, 12mo. Dublin, 1733. This is again a Trinity College prize. From the certificate, in the usual form, we learn that it was given to Robert Stannard for distinction in Arts at an examination held in Hilary, 1735.

The volumes are handsomely bound in brown calf, line fletted and with border roll, panelled backs, gold tooled, and with the College arms in centre of each cover. It seems novel for a college prize : *Don Quixote* in 1735 was considered rather light reading ; prizes were as a rule something solid and "improving." They were often, we suspect, duplicates, ancient classics, indeed, or theology, too old to be of educational value and too common to be of any other interest.

Mr. Pollard shows that the Jesuit College de la Flèche was under the aegis of Henry IV. of France (we cannot, by the way, understand Henry IV. as a patron of Jesuit colleges, but there it is). Mr. Pollard refers to an order of his, "que les prix soient distribués aux élèves à ses dépens," and suggests that the prizes were so given until the King's death in 1610. From that date down to about 1653, Mr. Pollard thinks the prizes were given by private benefactors, often men of note, and to that period belongs the prize given at La Flèche in 1629, the cover of which is reproduced in his article.

The binding of this prize is a delicate piece of dentelle work : in the centres of the outer covers a greyhound on a shield, surrounded by wreath of scalloped work, with a pendant, the whole like the collar of an Order, and surmounted by the Royal crown, but no cypher anywhere appears.

Now, in the reproduction of the cover of the Chalons prize which Anthony Druot presented in 1640, the stamp is an upright elliptical band inscribed *Hoc te*, etc., as mentioned above : within the upper part are three fleurs-de-lys on a shield, surmounted by the Royal crown and surrounded by scalloped band. Outside that is what seems the collar of an order, formed of the Royal cypher "H" alternated with ornaments. Under all this and within the inscribed band are two shields with bearings, and underneath the whole is stamped the date of presentation, "1640."

That part of the design which has the Royal arms is identical in principle with that on a prize copy of *Seneca* which I have, bearing the arms of Louis XIII. with scallops, fleurs-de-lys, etc., and the cypher "L" repeated in the collar of the Order.

The Chalons college had also been under the patronage of Henry IV., but it is strange to find his arms and cypher on a book presented in 1640, thirty years after his death, and the book itself presented by a private person. I do not understand it.

In my article in the *Bookman's Journal* I mentioned that though the leather covering of the *Marcus Antoninus* presented in 1628 had fallen off through damp, the boards faintly retained the impress of an oval armorial stamp which seemed like that on the Chalons prize.

The other night I took down this book, and in turning it over this way and that to see what I could make of the stamp, I noticed that the handling brought out parts of the design more distinctly. I took careful rubbings on paper, and the result was the identical design of the Chalons prize.

Unfortunately, the rubbings cannot be photographically reproduced, but those parts of the design which have come out coincide exactly with the other : the three shields, the royal crown with the cross just projecting across the inscription band : and the figures " 1628 " at foot are plainly the same fount as that of the figures on the Chalons book.

The residual fact as regards book prizes given in Great Britain and Ireland is that the earliest examples so far discovered are the Irish prizes mentioned above. Though the subject is perhaps only of minor importance from a bibliographical point of view, now that the quest has been started, it would be interesting to discover Irish examples earlier still.

M. J. R.



# Alfredo Oriani: An Italian Historian

THE name of Oriani has not yet won fame outside Italy. Indeed, it is as yet scarcely known abroad, except to those readers who may have come across it in the pages of Papini or of Croce. Oriani is one of the subjects in Papini's book, *Four and Twenty Minds*, which was recently translated into English, and there is told the story of Oriani's neglect by his own countrymen, who have only lately realised the prophetic quality of the author of *The Ideal Revolt* and *The Political Struggle in Italy*. The historian, a prophet turned backwards. Alfredo Oriani died in 1909, at the age of fifty-seven; ignored in his lifetime, he yet knew himself to be great. Papini tells this story: One evening, not many years before his death, when Oriani was leaving Bologna for his native village, in which his life was passed, he was sitting alone in the dark of a third-class compartment, when someone stepped up to the open door and asked: Who is in here? And out of the darkness came a deep great voice that answered: "The greatest writer in Italy." The reply was not without its truth, for Oriani, with all his faults, was one of the greatest Italian writers of the nineteenth century.

He wrote novels, history, political commentaries. The novels are numerous and unequal, but all are the works of a thinker, at odds with his time. They missed popularity in competition with the romances of d'Annunzio and Fogazzaro, and will not now attain to it, for such posthumous success as Oriani has secured is centred in *The Ideal Revolt* and *The Political Struggle in Italy*. There we see Oriani in his essence as the lyrical thinker, who might have rivalled in his influence such historians as Carlyle in England or Gobineau in France. Of the novels, one called *Defeat* is the best known. The book has what the contemporary Italian novel most lacked, a wealth of ideas. And, as Croce says, these ideas are not merely inscribed incidentally in the dialogue; the whole book is a product of ideas. "Oriani has created in it the world of his dreams: a society of the noblest spirits, women of high intellect and sensitive hearts, men who are philosophers, artists, scientists, explorers." It is, like his histories, a book of heroic impulse and melancholy conclusion.

He has recently been honoured in Italy—Mussolini has paid tribute to him. He came, as Mussolini does, from the Romagna, that part of Italy which is the most manly, the most solid, and the most energetic. The qualities which he celebrated as idealism are those which the Fascisti would most like to claim as their own. He was a patriot in a time when writers and intellectuals ignored patriotism. He foresaw the tragic period into which Europe would enter in the nineteenth century, and he shared none of the materialist illusions of his time. By ideal revolt he meant affirmation of an ideal never to be realised, for life and history will

never change in essence, and can only be made more noble in their forms. "Do not falsify the human struggle," he wrote, "with useless legal expedients, leave the individual free to assume responsibility, do not imagine that science can be a substitute for religion, or that co-operation can replace competition, or that free-love is better than the family, or that cosmopolitanism can override country, or celebrity override glory." In the *Ideal Revolt* he denounces the positivists, mere degraders of the idea into facts, whose philosophy, however, was the only suitable one for an industrial phase, which isolated individuals, bringing them all to the same level, instead of unifying them. Darwinism had translated this philosophy into science, naturalism had translated it into art, and man, who once had had passions, had now only vices.

He wrote occasional papers against divorce and in favour of Italian expansion in Africa; but it cannot be said that he had a political programme, nor did he ever enter politics. Rather, he represents a state of mind, or attitude, such as we now discover in Fascism on its more disinterested side. In the severity of his lyricism he resembled such of his contemporaries as Nietzsche in Germany, and Georges Sorel in France, the revolutionary syndicalist who was also an enemy of democratic hedonism and of evolutionary optimism. In the every-day, if not in the philosophical, sense of the word, Oriani was a pessimist, and it is interesting to observe that he came of the same people and from the same region as Mussolini, the only Man of State in contemporary times, outside of Russia, who has yet dared to disbelieve openly in Utopias and to criticise the conceptions of progress derived from nineteenth century liberalism.

*The Political Struggle in Italy*, Oriani's chief work, now available in three volumes, is the study of Italy from mediæval times to the commencement of the twentieth century. Papini has described it as the only modern general history of Italy which is more than a storehouse of facts or a manual of dates. The problem Oriani proposed for himself was that of the unification of Italy; his book was an endeavour to pierce the significance of that event, to understand it in its relation to the general history of Europe, to present the essential characteristics of the various stages of Italian development: mediæval federalism, reform and counter-reform, the idea of the centralised State realised in Italy belatedly—and yet more completely than elsewhere—with the principles of nationality and of popular sovereignty. "A great nation had been added unto Europe; the most glorious of world cities turned to be one of her civil capitals." *The Political Struggle* is the work of a man of philosophic genius, who was also a dramatic artist. Oriani had the sense of the tragic in history; but this quality did not turn him, as it turned Carlyle, into a portentous Jeremiah. Nor was he a picturesque reactionary, praising the past at the expense of the present; but history, as "facts developed in time," is for him something attached to the essence of things, and, although he called himself an idealist, and gave the title of *Ideal Revolt* to one of his books, he was never either a mere idealiser or dreamer. He

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could appreciate the "great man," and write greatly, although with severe judgment, of him. To the idealiser and dreamer, on the other hand, the great man of action will always appear trivial and vulgar : read Mr. H. G. Wells on Bonaparte, in his "History of the World." But Oriani who had been brought up in the school of Hegel, understood that "great men take the very will of reason, what is real and substantial in the wants of their time and people, and make of them their own individual passion, their own peculiar interest. . . . \* " His finest lyrical passages are devoted to that master. "Hegel is the intellect," he writes. "Who will decide," he says again, "between the tempests of Hegel's thought and the hurricanes of Napoleon's wars ? " And again : "I would rather be Hegel than Raphael. To mount, as he did, the arduous peaks of metaphysics, where the air is rarefied and the bravest companions drop asphyxiated around him ; and to rise, agile and audacious, to overcome the last summits touched by human footsteps . . . and he there, alone among men, alone in the infinite . . . then to ascend the ultimate needle where contraries become identified and shine out . . . and there, alone, transfigured, with nothing more of the human, invisible to all, with the conscience of a God."

His last book was named *The Ideal Revolt*. It brought him no further fame ; indeed, the last years of Oriani's life were the saddest. Even the newspapers began to reject his articles. He was not a writer for the multitude, and his books, even the best of them, lacked in proportion and inclined to outrun the measure. In his youth he addressed a letter to A. Dumas on the subject of indissoluble marriage ; it ran to over 400 pages, and amounted to an attempt to describe the whole story of civilisation. His posthumous success was, no doubt, largely due to the new period of thought and feeling which began with the twentieth century, directed in Italy by the Neapolitan professor, Benedetto Croce, who, indeed, saluted Oriani just before the latter's death, as a man worthy to write the history of the world. Croce's monumental criticism rehabilitated respect for historical studies, and undermined that fashion for positivism, naturalism, materialism, against which Oriani had laboured, seeing in these doctrines the degradation, not only of philosophy, but also of history, which, through them, had lost all desire to reveal the past in the grand style, and come to be an affair of mean documents. Certainly Oriani is an author to be read by all who wish to understand the more recent phases of Italian life and thought.

J. M. H.

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\* Benedetto Croce : *The Philosophy of Hegel*.



# Ballad of the Kings of Bygone Time.

*(After the French of Francois Villon.)*

The last Calixtus too !—outworn  
His four times golden pomp of sway,  
The King of Arragon I mourn,  
The Duke of Bourbon, gracious-gay,  
And Charles the Good are swept away,  
Arthur of Brittany is fled,  
And—sharp my sorrow for this day !—  
The hero, Charlemagne, is dead !

The rugged King of Scotland, born  
With half his face a purple-gray  
That glowered, like storm-sky through a thorn,  
Through his gale-tangled beard they say.  
... And southern kings in silk array  
—Of Spain or Cyprus—vanishéd,  
Their song-drowsed names adrift, astray . . .  
The hero, Charlemagne, is dead !

I'll harp no more with hands forlorn—  
Dream, all is dream and dim decay.  
The Death laughs every king to scorn.  
Be silent, O my harp !—yet stay—  
Bohemia's lord (bitter my lay).  
Lancelot and his race are sped.  
Black are the merry fires of May :  
The hero, Charlemagne, is dead !

Claquin and d'Alençon ? O pray  
For the slain Dauphin ! Bow the head  
With the bright waves that fall in spray :  
The hero, Charlemagne, is dead !

MICHAEL SCOT.

# Samhain.

By DOROTHY MACARDLE.

*From a series of nine stories of Ireland told in an Irish girl's home in Philadelphia.*

IT was only on rare and premeditated occasions that the studio was visited by Una's old friend, Andrew Fitzgerald. He had been burrowing through his great work on Celtic Etymology for so many years that "by the law of inertia," he said, he could not stop. But once or twice in a season he would emerge, blinking, into the light and visit his young friends. He came one April evening to meet Doctor Christiansen, the Norwegian folk-lorist, and he was as happy as a leprachaun talking of trolls and pooka and the Sidhe and Norse monuments in Ireland and the ship symbol at Brugh na Boinne.

Doctor Christiansen had been exploring the Gaeltacht, and was full of delight in the people he had met.

"What is to me most charming," he said, "is their good friendship with their dead. I hoped much to meet a revanant, or a woman of the Sidhe—but, alas, to a Norseman, she would not appear!"

Una looked at him reproachfully. "You are laughing at us," she said.

"Indeed, no!" he replied quickly. "I have learnt so much, I no longer venture to disbelieve. To me, magics and religions all are one, and all very full with what is true. And those people—they speak in good faith. It was in Kerry, more than anywhere in the world," he went on, "that poor, beautiful country, that they told me mysteries of the dead."

"Still, you thought the people credulous," Fitzgerald said gently; "but you will not suspect a lexicographer of being fantastical. I, too, could tell you of strange happenings in Kerry—a mystery of the dead."

"Daddy Fitz!" Frank exclaimed, "how well you never told us you had seen a ghost!"

"But I saw no ghost, Avic," he replied, his crumpled old face sweet with a reminiscent smile. "If I had seen him, I think, truly, I should now be far away. I will tell you, if you like, what I heard."

"If you please!" begged Dr. Christiansen eagerly.

"Please!" said Una. "Was it long ago?"

"Long ago, indeed!—when I was young. I was learning Irish at that time, and I went to live in a small fishing village in West Kerry, where the people had the language still—and had very little else.

I made the best friend of my life there; 'twas Father Patrick O'Rahilly, the parish priest, a middle-aged man, but white-haired, very delicate—the nearest creature to a saint I have ever known.

No life could be more lonely, I suppose, than that of an Irish priest in those desert regions of the west and south. This man had been

a student and traveller in his youth—he had a very subtle, originating mind—and there he was, marooned among the poorest fisher-folk in existence—too poor himself to buy books. My coming, heretic though he found me—I was a sort of agnostic then—was a god-send to him; he made no secret of it from the first, and I was as welcome to the Presbytery as if it had been my home.

I rejoiced in the man and in his queer, desultory house; there was charm, life about it, though 'twas not old. It had been built a generation ago by a Father Moore. He had chosen the site for the sake of the grand view: over Dingle Bay, you looked, through a gap in the woods, across to the mountains—mountains like mother-o'-pearl. To secure that he did what the folk said was a wrongful thing: he built on an old pathway that ran from the chapel to the ancient graveyard on the hill. That path had been disused altogether since the opening of the military road; he harmed no living soul, building on it; moreover, he lived jovially and died piously in his bed; all the same, the people never gave up blaming his choice. " 'Twas bad," they said, "to go meddling with an old path; there's them might be wishful to be using it still."

There was one old woman who used to beg Father Patrick with tears in her eyes, every time she met him, to take a house somewhere else. I remember the day his patience gave out.

"Maura O'Shea," he said sternly, "are you suggesting that a priest of God has cause to dread the vengeance of the living or of the dead?"

"Ah, Father Patrick, dear," she replied in distress, "don't you know we'd stay out of Heaven itself, and Saint Peter bidding us step in, to do a good turn to you, alive or dead?"

They are people who know how to love and to speak out of the heart as well as out of the mind.

My coming brought the bad luck, so it seemed. All that summer and autumn one disaster after another broke on those unfortunate people, until, towards Samhain time, the last blow came—Father Patrick fell ill.

"Sah-wen?" Max repeated enquiringly. His tongue tangled always over Irish words. Dr. Christiansen looked up, smiling:

"Your Festival of the Dead?"

"It corresponds, doesn't it, to the Feast of Balor?" Fitzgerald went on: "Mananaan, the god of the under-world, was potent then, and it is a time of strange happenings in Gaelic countries still. It is then, in Ireland, that the living pray for the dead, invoking the prayers of the holy saints; it is then, old people will tell you, that the drowned come up out of the sea—they come to draw away living souls; there are foot-falls you must not follow, knocking to which you dare not open; dead voices call . . .

The trouble began about July; 'twas the wettest July Corney O'Grady remembered, and he was ninety-five years old.



August was a month of storm; day after day passed, and the little boats dared not venture out, while the pirating French trawlers, hardier vessels, came plundering the spawn-beds, destroying the harvest of the sea. The farms, no more than potato patches among the stones, which were the fisher-folks' last resource, failed them too; the potatoes came black and rotten from the summer rains.

By the end of summer the spectre of famine had come.

I think that but for Father Patrick many of those poor souls would have boarded up their windows, as in the old days, and lain down in their bare huts to die; but he was with them like an inspired and inspiring spirit, giving them courage, energy and hope. He got an instructress from Cork to start a knitting industry, and the girls worked hard, but they could get no price for the garments they made. And all the time the sky was pitiless. "You'd think," old Corney said bitterly, "God grudged Ireland the light of the sun."

The men began to get desperate. They saw the children growing wizened and sickly before their eyes. I don't think they cried or complained, the children, but they had not the strength to climb the steep road to the school. You'd see them creeping among the potato ridges, turning over the sods, in the hope that a good potato might remain.

The men took to going out in any weather at all. Many a time, at the pleading of a distracted wife or mother, Father Patrick went down to them to protest, but even he could not hold them now. "Sure, Father," they would answer, 'there is death only before us anyway, and isn't it better go look for it on the water than bide waiting it on the black land? What good are we to the childer, and we walking the roads?'

The best boat in the village was owned by a grand old fellow named McCarthy, his two sons and his son-in-law, Dermot Roche. There was a tribe of young children dependent on this crew, and I watched the demons of misery give place to the demons of recklessness in the sombre eyes of the men.

I troubled most about Dermot. The man attracted me strongly, and had taken me under his protection from the first. He was a creature of fierce attachments; he loved me, I think, for my love of the Irish; he never let a word of English across his tongue. To my imagination he incarnated the spirit of that savage, primitive, gentle place; hard and gaunt he was as the rocks, protective as the hills; he seemed to know its terrible history "in his bones." I never saw him smile, but I have seen him glow with a kind of angry joy. He used to take me out fishing in the early morning to teach me the old ranns and proverbs that he knew I loved, and he would sing to me on the water wild old traditional songs in a rich voice that had a drone in it like the wind. He had a shy, smiling little wife and half-a-dozen black-haired youngsters who seemed to live like sea-creatures among the rocks. Father Patrick had been good to the children, and for Father Patrick Dermot would have faced the legions.

of hell. In those famine days the man's face became terrible; his wife was expecting another child.

I was sitting at the round table in the Presbytery that black September evening, reading with Father Patrick the ancient Annals which were his delight and mine, when Dermot unlatched the door and came striding in—a man angry with his God. Father Patrick's gentle welcome was too much for him; he sat down and laid his head on the table and wept. Annie had given birth to a seventh child and died.

Father Patrick asked me to stay in the house in case any call should come, and went down with Dermot. He came back in the morning worn out, his habitual tranquillity gone.

"The men are losing hold of themselves," he said. "'Tis not right. Dermot's left the neighbours to wake Annie and gone off with McCarthy in the boat."

All that day a diabolical gale was raging. The boat did not come home. By dusk the people were huddling together, silent and ghastly, at the little pier; as long as daylight lasted there was nothing visible but the grey, murderous sea. At dawn they launched the life-boat, and it came back at noon. Mat Kearney climbed out of it and passed up through the crowd. He answered me with a heavy gesture of his hand: "They're all away." His own son was in it—one of the crew of eight. They had found the boat upside down.

If Father Patrick had laboured before, he laboured after this like forty men; day and night, in wind and wet, he was in and out of the broken hovels, bringing what comfort there was to bring to forlorn old mothers and derelict young widows and starving families that had no man.

I sent an appeal to the Dublin press and to friends in Boston which brought us enough to keep Dermot's orphans and the McCarthys for a few weeks; after that, neighbours who had forgotten what it was not to be hungry, took the children to their own homes.

Our language studies were all laid aside. When Father Patrick was not visiting he would be brooding and writing and calculating, trying to work out schemes. He knew little of the commercial world, and I thought most of his suggestions impracticable, but one seemed sound. He began corresponding with traders in Cork and Dublin, trying to work up a market for carrigeen moss—a kind of edible sea-weed which grows in the rock pools and can be gathered at low tide. He hoped to have a sale for it very soon. It could never, of course, bring in much to the poor creatures, but the work and planning kept them from black despair.

But all the time Father Patrick was struggling against illness, himself obsessed by a fear of breaking down. His people had no one else.

Then, near and far along the coast, washed up by the tide, the bodies of the drowned fishermen came in. One by one we laid them with the multitude of their fathers, seafaring generations, in the wind-swept graveyard beyond the house. And from each burial Father Patrick

came home bowed as though under another load of care. Grief weakened him no less than the endless toil. I would have given all I had to take him away from it, to the south.

It was on the evening we buried Dermot that the sickness came. I found him huddled in the chair in his parlour, unable to speak or move. His old housekeeper and I helped him upstairs and put him to bed, and carried the red sods up to his room.

It was typhoid—that scourge of the poor—a desperate attack. The doctor had to ride to us over Brandon Mountain. Every day for a week he came, and he and Brigid and I were fighting avenging nature for that dear life. On the last day of October he told me there was no more hope, and that I should send for the priest. I went down the village street with him, looking for a boy to ride out with the message; the men were at the street corners, the women at their doors, waiting, dumbly, for the doctor's word. "Pray for him; pray for him!" was all he said. I heard men sobbing as they turned away.

"It is with the Dead he will be going," Maura O'Shea said bitterly, "down the old path . . ."

Late in the evening the young priest came and gave the Viaticum to my dying friend. When he had gone, and I went in to Father Patrick, I found him lying very quiet with a happy radiance on his face. He held out his hand for mine. "Stay by me to-night, Andreas," he whispered; "'twould be good to have you near when I set out."

You can imagine I felt desolate enough. For months this man had made the whole kindness of my world; I knew I'd never see his like again. And I had no resource. Bitterly I envied the good Catholic people with their boundless faith in prayer. They were praying for him that night, I knew well, in every cottage, and invoking prayers more powerful than their own—all Saints', all Souls'.

When I drew the curtains and lit the lamp at nightfall he asked was it Samhain night. "It is," I answered, and he sighed distressfully: "I ought to be praying for the dead."

There was a little oratory behind the bedroom where he used sometimes to say Mass. "Would you light the altar candles for me, Andreas?" he said, "the way they'll know I didn't forget . . ."

I lit a candle, and, walking down the draughty passage, opened the oratory door. It was a bare little room with no adornment; there were only a few benches, and the altar with its tabernacle, four brass candlesticks and white cloth, but it was full, to my imagination, of rest. I lit the candles, and then, surrendering to a sudden whim, it may be of faith, I prayed. I suppose it was a pagan sort of prayer.

When I went back to Father Patrick his eyes were closed and his breathing was so faint that I thought he had died, until I saw his fingers move feebly along his rosary beads.

There was nothing that I could do but sit in the old chair by the fire, putting fresh sods on from time to time, giving him a drink when I



saw that he was awake. About midnight he began moaning; his face had grown grey and wan and his fingers were groping about the quilt. I could see that he was in high fever. "What will they do at all?" he kept murmuring unhappily, and "I ought to be praying for the dead..."

I knew that he could scarcely live till dawn.

Then the trance-like silence fell again, broken only by the long, wailing gusts of a wind that seemed to blow out of infinity and into infinity again, like a human soul...

It was an hour or two after midnight, I suppose, when I roused myself and drank some black coffee, and went over to my patient to see whether he slept.

He was awake; his eyes were open; he was listening—listening to something which I did not hear. He did not look up at me or speak or move.

I stood, wondering, beside the bed, and presently a sound came to my ears—faintly—a low, rhythmic murmur, like a multitude of voices at prayer. I listened, and gradually I heard clearly, much more clearly, a soothing and entrancing sound. It came from the room behind the bedroom—the oratory. I leaned, listening, against the wall. It was prayer. I heard the prayers and responses—but not in Latin—it was Irish—I knew the soft, rich sounds.

I suppose the language was my only passion—maybe I loved it better, even, than my friend; anyhow, in the mere joy and wonder of hearing it I became oblivious of everything else. Soon every syllable came to me, full and clear. I heard a long unfamiliar litany, full of noble phrases and ancient names: "Naov Finan... Naov Brendan... Naov Columkille..." and, after the litany, prayers, long and ceremonious—the whole Mass.

While it lasted I stood spell-bound, but when silence came I felt shaken with awful fear. I knelt down by the bed and stared at Father Patrick's face. His eyes were wide open; his lips were moving in quiet prayer; the flush of fever had gone; he seemed to have forgotten me; he said "Amen!"

From the oratory, too, I heard a long "Amen," like a contented sigh. I heard the sound of people rising from their knees, and their footsteps, soft and light, as of an innumerable multitude, went past the door. I heard them after a moment on the gravel outside, and low voices began caoining mournfully until a man's voice called quietly: "*Na bi ag caoineadh anois*"—"Do not be caoining now!" That voice was strangely familiar; caught by it, as one's whole being may be caught by intolerable agony or joy, I waited, in a kind of rigour, for it to come again. I heard it, then—calling my own name, strongly and insistently, three times.

I would have risen; I would have opened the door and rushed out, but Father Patrick's arm was around me, his hand pressed over my mouth. "Don't answer," he whispered urgently, and held me until the noises had passed away.

He lay back on his pillow then and smiled at me happily, and fell asleep. ”

Fitzgerald, too, smiled happily as he ended his tale. He was tired. Doctor Christiansen’s blue eyes were alight.

“ It was poor Dermot,” he asked—“ he who called ? ”

Fitzgerald answered : “ It was his voice.”

“ He would have loved to take you instead of that other. If you had answered—is it not so—you would have followed within a year ? ”

“ So Father Patrick said.”

“ And he recovered—your good friend ? ”

“ Thank God,” Fitzgerald answered, “ he is living still.”

Doctor Christiansen spoke wonderingly : “ They prayed for him well, those Dead.”

# You Pup !

## I.

You pup !  
Your brain is clever,  
And you rhyme  
With quite malign  
Dexterity at times.  
At times you have a touch—  
Yes, just a touch—  
O' the subtle spirit of the seer,  
And you peer  
Into the vast.  
Then on a sudden you are done.  
Just crumpled up.  
And you relapse,  
Obese and plumb,  
Into the commonplace,  
You pup !

## II.

The vast skies  
From their ordered ways  
Look down into your rags and find  
A little piece of shrivelled rind,  
You pup !

## III.

And yet God holds you in His hand ;  
For 'tis my creed  
That you and I  
Are both most precious in His sight.  
And some day we may meet, perhaps,  
Among the stars,  
And there, perhaps,  
Our real souls  
May know themselves  
And take their place.  
And I no more will curse—perhaps,—  
Nor with a sullen eye glare up,  
And say,  
You pup !



## IV.

But I shall love you  
Through God's space,  
Unceasingly, untiringly,  
Through revolutions of the spheres,  
Through time and change, and no-man's land.  
For I shall ne'er contented be  
Till you, the offal of the world,  
Shall brightly shine  
A galaxy,  
With undiluted light and pure  
Among the peerless spheres of God,  
You pup !

MICHAEL ORKNEY.

# Sonnets pour Hélène.

(*After the French of Pierre de Ronsard.*)

## SHE IS ILL.

### I.

Last summer when you lay so ill in bed  
All covered with a rosebud-powdered quilt,  
Love with his quiver, bow and arrows built  
An ambuscade beneath your pillowed head—  
—As each one saw you, all his colour fled  
And he would stagger home and fade and wilt  
A barbéd shaft had all his heart blood spilt  
A deadly glance into his soul had sped.

It was such joy to see those curls of brown  
Beneath their little cap of painted silk,  
Those delicate limbs outlined, and white as milk  
That small hand wearily towards mine, drooped down,  
To hear that voice whose charmed melody  
Hath long since banished Reason far from me.

### II.

## HER SILENCE.

Seeing you seated near your cousin, she  
Seemed like the rosy dawn and you the sun  
Two fair flowers tinct alike, upon the one  
Stem, blossoming in sweetest rivalry.  
She with the boldness of young Chastity  
Glanced swift at me, but I was all undone  
Because your veiled eyes appeared to shun  
My own, nor cast one sleepy look at me.

You sat enwrapt in selfish thought, your brows  
Upraised in scorn at any amorous tale  
Contemtuuous of every lover's vows.  
Till fearful of such silence, I grew pale  
And went away revolving without end  
What I had said or done thus to offend.

MONA PRICE.

# Bonaparte Wyse.

By CHRISTINE MAJOLIER.

THE question of heredity is always sufficiently fascinating for anyone to seek in the past of a man the explanation for his moral, mental, and physical present. The more so when it appears to be a plain case of intellectual atavism, in which can be found traces, not only of a man's poetical lineage, but also the racial characteristics of his forefathers. Yet this theory is no sure guide in the comprehension of this Irishman's mind, for, without completely discarding certain hereditary influences, it does not in reality wholly account for the genius of William Bonaparte Wyse, and even less so for the medium through which he chose to express himself.

Although the son of Sir Thomas Wyse, British Ambassador in Greece, and member of an ancient and noble Waterford family, and of Laetitia Bonaparte, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte and his second wife, Alexandrinæ de Bleschamp, he was born in 1826, neither in Greece or Corsica, but in his father's native county, having, therefore, no early contact with the Latin races, a circumstance which might have sub-consciously fostered his future love for the poetry and the people of the South. The fact that his maternal grandfather was educated in the little seminary of Aix-en-Provence, and held during the revolution an official position at Saint Maximin, does not sufficiently explain the grandson's predilection for a country that played, after all, a very minor part in the family history. Rather it seems as if some spontaneous impulse must have led him to journey into Provence, to find there, without any effort of searching, his ultimate vocation.

Arriving in Avignon, and passing through the Rue Saint Agricole, he saw, in the window of a bookshop, books written in a language totally unknown to him. The bookshop belonged to Roumanille, the Provençal poet and publisher, and the books were those written by the poets of the Felibrige. Wyse, enchanted and amazed at discovering a literature that owed nothing to Greek, nothing to Latin, to French, to English,



to German, or even to the East, immediately set to work to learn this extraordinary language, and as he learnt there flamed in his heart the joyful and sudden belief that at last he had found the true medium for the expression of his own poetical imagery.

This being so, he was immediately fired by the desire to become a *Felibre*, and to worthily take his place among such men as *Mistral*, *Roumanille*, *Aubanel*, *Tavan*, and sit at their table. He himself said at a *Felibridge* gathering: "Not always at the bottom of the table, with the servants. My ambition, my friends, is to see myself upon the dais at the right of the *Majoraux* and the *Masters*, drinking the wine of God, with my equals."

This was said in 1859, and in 1860 he produced a few poems (which afterwards appeared in a collected edition called "*Li Parpaïoun Blu*,"\* 1868) that already shows him to possess the spirit of the *Felibre*, notwithstanding certain expressions which betray his Irish origin. *Mistral* was moved to admit that in spite of these few imperfections, "he is the sole Irishman, and foreigner, who has since *Richard Cœur de Lion* sung so well and so charmingly in *Provençal*."

But it is in his second book of verse, "*Li Piado de la Princesso*,"† which appeared in 1881, that he most truly reveals himself a poet imbued by the *Felibrien* spirit, yet one not too tied by tradition to lose a natural sense of rhythm by rigid adherence to the poetical formulas of his teachers. On the contrary, he seeks to introduce new forms and new cadences, and his experiment is justified, since it is now a recognised fact that he has enriched *Provençal* poetry, has enriched, it might be claimed, the songs of the world, if we take as an example his poem "*Maguelonne*," included in his second book of verse.

"*Maguelonne*" is an island town built among the marshes that actually existed in the time of the *Phocéans*, but was so many times destroyed and only partially restored that its past glories and beauties have assumed almost a legendary significance, becoming as it were the *Altantis* of the South of France :

The sea breeze gently gives me—kisses upon the cheek—the echo of the sea is as the humming—of an invisible swarm of maidens—who sigh in the distance, who sing from above: "Time is King, *Maguelonne*!—vanished city of beauty, O beautiful *Maguelonne*—Time is King, *Maguelonne*—He is thy Lord, *Maguelonne*!"

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\* "*Li Parpaïoun Blu*"

† "*Li Piado de la Princesso*."

"*Les Papillons Bleues*."

"*Les Traces des Pas de la Princesso*."

Thy towers have crumbled to dust, and thy palaces—and thy gold and thy silk—have disappeared as smoke, O little flower of May ;—and thy straight walls have slowly fallen into that great abyss—which devours all, Maguelonne—vanished city of beauty, O beautiful Maguelonne—which devours all, Maguelonne !—without remorse, Maguelonne.

Solitary in a bright sun that bleeds at its setting—crimsonly rears itself—thy fortified church, where devout ghosts—in pale procession—the ghosts of thy people of all time are present—and murmur—Maguelonne, vanished city of beauty, O beautiful Maguelonne !—and murmur Maguelonne ! poor Mother, Maguelonne !

Where are thy Bishops ? or thy royal Monks ?—Answer, seagulls ! frogs !—They spoke proudly the language of Provence,—the great Roman tongue—these sons of God, these immortal dead—whom thou hast known, Maguelonne, vanished city of beauty—O beautiful Maguelonne—to whom thou gavest birth, Maguelonne !

“ And the breath of the sea gently gives me—kisses upon the cheek—and the voice of the sea comes to me as the humming—of an invisible swarm of maidens—who sigh in the distance, who sing from above :  
“ Time is King, Maguelonne !—vanished city of beauty, O beautiful Maguelonne—He is thy Lord, Maguelonne ! ”

“ La Cabeladuro d'or ”\* (included in the same collection as the “ Maguelonne ”) was inspired by the discovery at Les Baux, near Avignon, in 1874, of a tomb containing the skeleton of a woman, under a stone bearing the date 1471. The woman's hair, of a magnificent golden red, was intact, and for some years was to be seen in the little hotel at Les Baux. This is where Bonaparte Wyse saw it. It is now in the museum founded by Mistral in Arles. This poem is long, and much of its interest is purely local, so that it is wiser only to select certain of the verses that show his very complete assimilation of the most noble characteristics of the Felibrige ideal. Necessarily both these poems lose much of their natural beauty and music in translation, but both examples sufficiently indicate his immense love and admiration for his adopted country :

Shining there—in the City di Baus † (listen, O Felibre)—like a golden poem in an obscure book—like divine wine in a chipped vessel—spreads itself, secretly, a strange tress—a precious golden relic—a sempiternal joy, the loveliest of all things—

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\* La Cabeladuro d'or ”—“ La Chevelute d'or.”

† Di Baus ”—Provençal name for Les Baux.

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Because thou wert, surely—O golden fleece—snatched from the dark tomb  
—the hair of a great Queen or a beautiful princess—who bewitched  
her country . . . Who knows?—Thou hadst the happiness—perhaps  
to be as a halo about the radiant forehead—(shining in darkness)—of  
Dio the passionate, or of the gentle Douço.\*

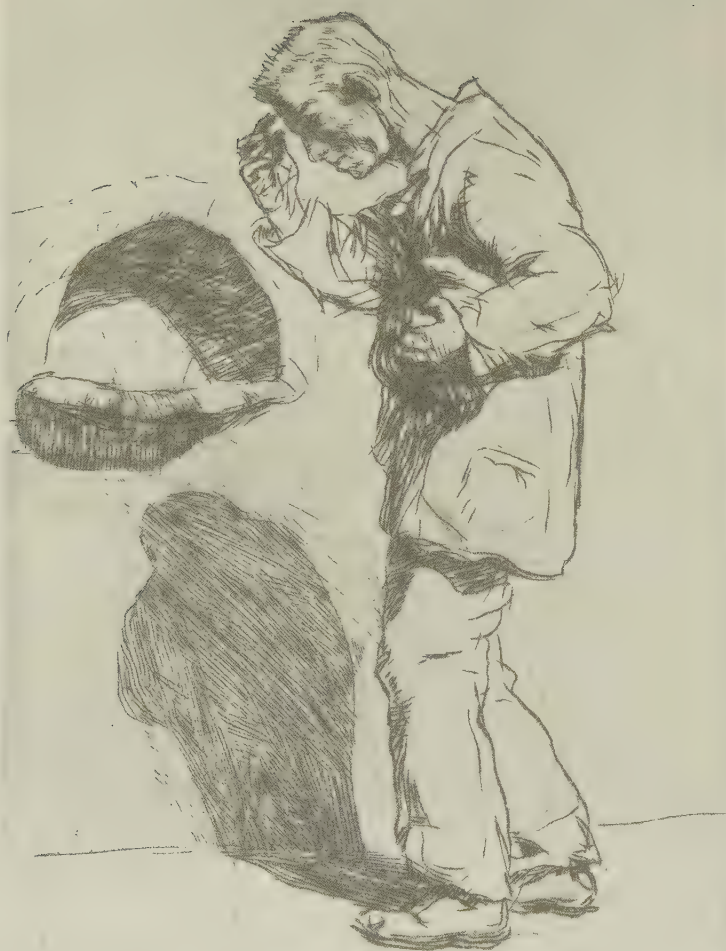
O predestined treasure!—O red gold relic! —Holy head of hair! undu-  
lating tresses—caressing waves, perfumed with joy and strange beauty!  
. . . The City di Baus, high perched upon her rocks, shall display thee  
with pride—bright as the light of a beacon—for innumerable years!"

Bonaparte Wyse died in Cannes on the second of December, 1892.

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\* "Dio et Douço"—two Provençal Princesses.





THE FONT.  
From an Engraving  
By  
MARY DUNCAN.



# A Marriage in Manhattan.

By PADRAIC COLUM.

TWENTY couples with their coadjutors waited for an Alderman who would perform the marriage ceremony, and gaiety lived through their tedium. The scene presented an O. Henry story, but I could not think of the appropriate opening. I turned to the bridegroom whose witness I was and mentioned my difficulty. Then he looked at the waiting couples seated on chairs and benches, examined the notices, one of which said "Marriages absolutely free," and the other "Do not spit." "The place lacked a bar and a free-lunch counter" was the opening sentence that seemed right to him.

Gaiety survived our tedium, but we began to look for distractions. There was a narrow window between the solid pillars of the Manhattan City Hall; we could see the snow falling like white dust and a brawny team striving with a wagon. The bridegroom who sat with the dignified negro lady began to make motions with his hands as if to rattle and cast dice. The Irishman thought of a game of cards, and murmured "Twenty-five." The Syrian whispered to his witnesses that they might begin to tell stories. But a young woman had opened her bag and was showing scraps of patterns to her friend. Suddenly a pair of silk stockings that matched her wedding dress unrolled. We all forgot the particular distraction we were bent on and laughed at this little episode.

And now a basilisk-eyed young man stood at the door of the ante-room and surveyed us. Was he the Alderman's orderly? If so we would not be disappointed. But the basilisk-eyed youth was not the orderly. "He's a reporter, come to get a human-interest story," said a bridegroom who knew the journals. He got nothing out of us. His mind was already made up that the human interest amongst us was really negligible. He failed even to notice "The Kid."

We knew her as "The Kid" before we knew her as "Number 37." "Which of them is "The Kid" going to marry?" some curious person had said in the office below where you pay a dollar for your licence to marry—the office that is opposite the Coroner's room. Then she was then one in a conference on the document that is called "State of New York Affidavit for Licence to Marry." She chewed gum and swung her legs while her head was on the shoulder of one young man and her arm was round the neck of another. "Kid" was a good name for this young Manhattanese: she had the sprightliness and the unexpectedness of the goat-young; she had the fair hair and the blue eyes of the human-young. "The Alderman isn't paid for marrying you—he does it at his own convenience," the official said to the two young men when they went to



his bureau. "He may come in at half-past three, and he mayn't come here at all. But if you want to wait go upstairs to room so and so." The young men told her this, and she bobbed out of the room with them; I thought she was now on some other slope of Manhattan.

But here she was with the rest of us in the ante-room to the Alderman's office. She provided an entertainment that was partly light character comedy and partly a moving-picture show. She chewed gum with zest and swung her legs as if she were on a trapeze in mid-air. She made wide eyes at what one youth said and covered her face with her hands at what another told her. Her collar was nitched up, and it was plain that she had learnt the trick of carrying her coat from "one of the boys." Blue was the colour she displayed. The dress under the fawn-coloured coat was blue, and the big blue bow at the back of her hat matched the colour of her eyes. She threw about her ankles that were covered with the soiled white of her high-laced boots. "The Kid" was sixteen. The women thought that the hair above the blue eyes was dyed to that fairness.

We decided that the young man who was rather thoughtful and withdrawn was the one whom "The Kid" was going to marry. He looked a steady youth who would become a good provider. But he should have been goat-footed and have pointed ears. He should have been ready to leap and gambol with her up a mountain-side, and we, too, should have been more excited about "The Kid." She brought something that was really hymeneal into the solid-built City Hall of Manhattan. Even at the threshold of the Alderman's office she revealed the dance and the mountain-side. Her skip and her swagger had some memory of the Menads. Even her yawn was frolicsome.

At last the tipstaff came and gathered us together. Then he formed us into a queue outside the door of the Alderman's office. He spoke severely to a negro girl who threw herself at the end of the line. "What," said he, "do you want to get married, too?" "Mebbe," she bubbled, impressing a startled-looking coloured man to her side. The tipstaff went along the line of brides and grooms and witnesses. He was hollow-eyed and disillusioned-looking. "And are you No. 37?" said he to "The Kid." She made her blue eyes wide while she chewed her gum and nodded. "Gosh, I wish I was getting *you*, Number 37," said the tipstaff. Then, with a renunciatory look he went down the line, and opened the door of the Alderman's office to the first couple.

Afterwards I saw the blue of her hat as No. 37 skipped down the steps going underground. No. 37! There is little in a name after all when a mere number can remain so evocative.

Τελεῖται ἀπὸ τοῦ Σαμψαίου.

Quandōz.-

T'isligh Dé Samra' inóe ná capall dubaig  
 Ar fáiteadaiú bí' á' Cliaí. Bí foireann súbáí  
 Na n-éan, a's tream na mbláí in a treamlaí úr,  
 I rioctaiú átais roim an aer-gein úr.

CROCADAR CRAINN A MBRAIT FÍOR-UAINE IONBADAIC,  
AR FUAIR AN BAILL LE FÁILTEACÁS GAN PUÐAIR,  
SAIB LIFE CÚICI FALAING SPREAC GAN SMUÍO,  
LAS CUALA RÉIN LE MÓRTAS—CUALA CIÚIN !

Fan fada faraminn ! Fásaim v'obair fú  
 Ár gcroíche v'éis fad víomda a's doicill dúir  
 An fheimriú aulta cur go diair i vtriún

Dailigean linn, a stór, tá an samrad i gcuimhíocht,  
 So nuig an saorta tug céad tabartas dúinn—  
 Léigfead cois loca duit arís mo rúin.

1. S. 5054n.

# The Linnaun Shee.

*A Comedy in One Act.*

By GEO. FITZMAURICE.

## Characters :

*Jamesie Kennelly.*

*Hanora* .. His Wife.

*Julia Bahane* .. } Farmers' Wives, "joined in butter" with

*Mary Kissane* .. } Honora.

*Bids* .. A Servant Girl.

*Old Den* .. Honora's Uncle.

*Daniel Tobin* .. Her Brother-in-law.

*The Linnaun Shee.*

*Scene takes place in the Kennedys' kitchen.*

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At rise of curtain old Den enters, smiling, giving a humorous look at Bids, who is engaged at scalding the barrel-churn, from which steam is escaping.

*Den enters by door at right and hobbles to stool at left front.*

*Den (sitting down)*—I have cures, I have cures, for the culligree-feens and the garradhuv; but—God help me!—I have no cure at all, if there is a cure, for a servant girl that's in love. Good girl, Bids, keep at it and you'll do it; and a comely thing it is to see a servant girl working and she in her lonesome.

*Bids*—You in your porter maybe, after coming from town! Will you leave me alone, Uncle Den, and let me finish my scalding; herself in that twist on account of Jamesie; not a stir or a move out of him, and he all the time above in the loft.

*Den (chuckling)*—Above in the loft still is it? I could nearly guess by him and the cut of him at breakfast that the complaint was coming to a crisis with him, as the doctors do be having it. It's splutters of laughter I was having coming from town—ashamed of my life I was and the people having every eye at me—but how could I help it and the funny thing that's up with Jamesie—only myself and Hanora knowing about it—though (*with a little giggle*) it's little humour she is picking out of it.



*Bids*—Faith, then, I'm thinking it's more than yourself and your niece Hanora will be wise of whatever funny thing is on her husband Jamesie before the day is over. (*With a short little scream of pain.*) But, bad cess to you ! If it isn't my poor finger I'm after bruising on account of yourself and your talk.

*Den* (*chuckling, with pretended enjoyment*)—Sure, you can't help it when you aren't careful. But is it the butter women are up in the room with her and the way you're alluding ?

*Bids*—Isn't it Julia Bahane and Mary Kissane are with her, and can't you hear them at it ?

*Den*—T'isn't the great clatter entirely all the same, showing the other pair of trollopers, Suzanne Daly and Norry Quirke, are absent, for it's only when the five of them are in it that the right tally-ho and concert does be on between them.

*Bids*—It's tally-ho enough is on between them for the last half-hour, and you'd think Mary Kissane and Julia Bahane had got some hint about Jamesie and the hurry they were in up in the room for the confab after filling the firkin. But, whisht ! 't isn't Hanora Kennelly or the capers of her man are troubling me this minute, but the terrible mind entirely I got for the hot cream cake and the tea ; 'twould make anyone's mouth water surely, the fine hot fume of the cake and I taking it off the griddle and landing it above to them in the room.

*Den* (*slyly*)—No thought of the servant girl, sez you, but, if I'm Hanora's uncle itself, isn't there as little thought of Old Den here in the corner, and he having, I'm thinking, about the identical same chance as yourself of being invited to join in the feasting above in the room.

*Bids* (*with decision*)—It's funning me you are now, for a nice old judy you'd be making of yourself surely, sitting down with butter-women and they at their chat and their confab.

*Den*—And 't isn't nine times but ninety-nine times you'd want to be blessing yourself if you thought of joining in the conversazione no less, and nothing but divilment going on between them after filling a firkin. And let the day of filling a firkin be here or at Julia Bahane's or Suzanne Daly's, or where it might be, the minute the firkin is filled and up in the room with them—it's divilment and blackguarding with them and taking away the people's characters, glory be to God. (*Rising.*) But, glory ! my fine crookedy stick I bought in town and left on the car, and maybe some blackguard to pass and pinch it. 'Tis your gob made me forget it.

*Bids* (*blithely*)—Bad scan to you !—and by the same token your old guff and your rising me made me forget to go for that gallon of water, and it's the way you'll have me massacred by Hanora. And that would be wishing to you likewise, maybe, like every other queer old man on the brink of the grave—the bothers of the young giving their old hearts a spurt of joy, their biggest consolation to hear of a young person dead.

*Den* (*hobbling towards door at right*)—There is a noise of chairs in the room, and I'm thinking the meeting is over. (*Sententiously*)—There

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do be accidents, but, with the foherough is on you going to the well for that gallon of water, I'd be long sorry to hear you got a skeet and broke your leg (*going out at right*).

*Bids (who has been rushing about looking for can, takes it up and darts out by door on left)*—Oh, wisha ! and the devil's cure to you, old Denisheen Canty ! (*Goes out ; is heard singing snatches of " Rocks of Bawn."*)

*(Julia Bahane and Mary Kissane come down from room.)*

*Julia*—Mary Kissane, 'tis the way there is surely something on Hanora. She was only fiddling with the one small cut of the cake, and 'twas by a struggle and out of shame's sake, and we forninst her, that she did for the one cup of tea. Likewise, a vacant gaze in her eye—she was only forcing herself to take an interest in our converse.

*Mary*—'Tisn't wanting I am at all to contradict you, Julia Bahane, but I couldn't get it from me now to believe that if there was anything on Hanora Kennelly she'd be so disloyal as to be leaving us dull of it, and we butter-women always so candid and open with one another ; and, by the same token, it's twenty years now yourself and myself and Hanora are jointed in butter, not forgetting Suzanne Daly of Toor, and the crater, Norry Quirke, of Meenaneasbuig.

*Julia*—A fine way you have, surely, Mary Kissane, never committing yourself but on a surety—and I praise you for it. Though I'm thinking, in the line of spotting, it's a small show poor Julia would make in a competition with that quiet little brown eye of yours. And, faith—and I didn't notice this aspect of the matter before—but I'm sure it didn't escape the little brown eye—the cool way Hanora has taken her firkin, instead of lepping out of her skin with glee, as she would be on another occasion, and it the finest firkin of butter we ever filled for her in this kitchen ; in a manner she will hardly have it landed in the market but she will get the tip-top price for it without ever the buyers sticking that shteel affair they do be having into it, they're wonderful judges surely, and a look will tell them the grand quality of the butter is in this firkin we're after filling for Hanora.

*Mary*—The sweetest, surely, I ever tasted, Julia Bahane, and I admit Hanora ought to be doubly gleeful, for, when the butter is the right way you want it, isn't it a pleasure to be filling a firkin even for another person itself, but misery all out to be handling butter that goes against one ? Still, in God's name, Julia, what could be on Hanora Kennelly and everything succeeding with her ?—her fine baan of cows, a son going to be priest, another going to be a doctor ; a lady of a daughter will likely be a nun, and good childre at home ; money in the bank, avico ; and, faith, on a fair day or market day 'tisn't watching her smart man of a husband, Jamesie Kennelly, she need be for fear he'd take a drop too much.

*Julia*—She never had any trouble with her man, indeed ; 'tisn't like the rest of us with our heroes. But if it's come to her turn in the heel, and that what's brewing in her is some tooplash that has cracked up between herself and Jamesie, could there be a meaner thing, Mary Kissane, than

that she should renayge telling it to us?—for whatever we might keep close, we never kept back a haporth from one another anyway, about the capers of our husbands.

*Mary (emphatically)*—Julia Bahane, Hanora Kennelly could never be so dishonourable, she could never be so dishonourable, and that's the way to say it.

*Julia*—The little suspicion has come to me, and I can't get shut of it. But think of it, Mary Kissane, if the case is that way with her! In this kitchen here of Hanora's was filled the first firkin I ever filled for pocket-money unbeknownst to my Michael, and he at that period a marvellous skinflint surely. She never had any need to fill a special firkin for herself at our places unbeknownst to Jamesie; still, I don't think I'm wrong in saying 'twas here, likewise, Suzanne Daly and Norry Quirke filled their first special firkins, and I don't know but yourself did the same, for, from the very start of our being joined in butter, we all had the biggest thought out of Hanora, and though the rest of us mightn't be doubting one another, we had special confidence in her acting the discreet.

*Mary*—I can back you up in that, and, maybe, I can tell you of a better thing—a thing that I was ashamed of my life of all the time for fear the people might hear of it. A queer thing that I never before heard tell of till the doctor gave me the name of it. No one in this earthly world knew about it but myself and the doctor and the person that was suffering from it. But in the heel, and I worried to the last link, I had to unbosom myself to someone about it. Who to but to Hanora. I'm telling it to you now for the first time, Julia Bahane—thanks be to the man above! it's cured and gone long since—a queer affair, glory be to God!—called an eczema, my Peter had in his leg.

*Julia (warmly)*—Don't say any more, Mary Kissane. The indignation is rising in me, and it too shameful of her, that's what it is, too shameful of her entirely, if it's the way she has renayged confiding in us. *(In a different tone)*—Faith, maybe, if it isn't too big in herself she is becoming for us, though, with the dint of her prosperity.

*Mary (decidedly)*—Don't think it; whatever else, there was never a trace of that caper about Hanora. We have no real proof there is any toopliash between herself and Jamesie. And whoever we'd convict, 't isn't Hanora we should convict without good evidence. We'll know in time; but let us now give her the benefit of the doubt. To tell the truth—and you guessed it—the same suspicion was in my mind as in yours, Julia Bahane, but let us think it was our imaginations were working us and give Hanora the benefit of the doubt.

*Julia*—God grant—for the high opinion we have of her—that it was our imaginations were working us. So be it, then, we'll give her the benefit of the doubt and worry no more about it, Mary Kissane. And by the same token, it's time for us to be making up the height and home for ourselves, Mary Kissane.



*Mary*—And hardly we'll be able to do it, puffing and blowing after all the cream cake and tea Hanora is after shoving into us. 'Tis so 'tis too decent Hanora is, though, of course, we do the suitable by her ourselves when she comes filling a firkin to us, Julia Bahane. But, glory!—the talk has made the time slip on us—instead of making our escape—for here's my old playboy of a Den tumbling into us.

*(Enter Den by door at right; Bids re-enters by door at left; Hanora comes down from room.)*

*Den (slyly, goes to stool at left front)*—Fine times, fine times! The hot cream cake, the butter, and the tea. Red and rosy are the cheeks by them, Bids, and they flushed.

*Julia, Mary (gaily)*—Glory, Hanora isn't it begrudging old Den is becoming, and he near his dotage.

*Hanora*—Why, than, women, you must have a tint of something stronger than tea before you start for the height, and the fine firkin you have filled for me to-day. The kettle is on the boil, and Bids knows where the bottle is. But she hasn't scalded the barrel yet. *(Somewhat crossly, to Bids)*—In the name of God, Bids, what delaying was there on you and not to have that barrel scalded yet?

*Bids (pertly)*—It's the way the eyesight must be spreading in you, ma'am, and not to see that the barrel is scalded and shalla scalded itself, and it's a quarter of an hour since it was scalded. Likewise, ma'am, the women being full can wait for their Jimison till Bids has her own little collation, ma'am; for the tea in the teapot will be getting cold, ma'am, and the hard-working servant girl might want her droppeen of tea as good as the next, ma'am. *(Goes into room.)*

*Julia*—Glory, isn't it impudent they're becoming, for servant girls! But that's the boldest talk from any lassie yet, and isn't it great patience you have entirely, Hanora Kennelly! Still, myself, and I'm thinking Mary Kissane here likewise, wouldn't leave a servant girl above in the room all alone with a big cream cake in front of her—and a surfeit wouldn't do her any good.

*Hanora*—I never mind a servant, then, taking their sufficiency so long as they do their work, and Bids is a great girl, if she gives lip itself. She isn't that great feeder entirely, then, with all the brave appearance is on her, and 'tis small the appetite is with her lately and she commencing to court. *(To Den)*—But what's pinching my old angashore not to be making a move? Up in the room with you, I'm saying, and be having your bit and sup for yourself.

*Den (rising and hobbling across floor)*—Very well then, very well then; I will then, I will then. *(Goes into room.)*

*Bids (popping head down door)*—I'd like to say one word, ma'am, for it's too quick I was, I'm thinking, in answering you back, and I to forget ma'am—and so I did—the way you are over whatever's on Jamesie. *(Draws back head.)*

*Julia (in a half-scream, catching Mary)*—Mary Kissane!



*Mary (in a half-scream, catching Julia)*—Julia Bahane !

*Hanora (quickly, palpitatingly)*—In the name of all that's good, women, don't be minding that girl and her antics. (*Moving about quickly.*) Glory, where is that butter-cloth ?—sure it must be abroad in the dairy I left it. (*Goes out by door at left.*)

*Julia (making a dash for her can, which is on table, and taking it off table with a rattle)*—Isn't it taking your can you are, Mary Kissane, or is it pausing you are after what she has done on us ? Pausing ! I'm saying again, s there no spirit at all left in you, Mary Kissane ?

*Mary*—It's ashamed I am—but, Julia, it's a little weakness is on me, and the little droppeen would be a help to me to make the journey.

*Julia*—The indignation will make me go in a fly up the height, and it would choke me if I was to take her little droppeen. (*Re-enter Hanora.*)

*Hanora*—'Tisn't going ye are, women, and without the little refreshment ?

*Mary (hesitatingly)*—It is, Hanora ; or—I suppose it is, Hanora.

*Julia*—Don't be delaying us, Mrs. Kennelly, if you please. It's to consider we did the long journey that's before us ; it will be dusk in a while's time, we having to pass through lonesome Glounaneinta, and this the Eve of May.

*Mary (affected)*—Faith, then, 'tis May Eve itself.

*Hanora (trenchantly)*—May Eve, is it, and I to forget it ! May Eve ! And on May Eve she was to come ; and within the hour itself she will be coming. (*Throwing herself on chair, clapping hands, tragically.*) Glory be to God, within the hour itself she will be coming to take from me my Jamesie.

*Mary (excitedly, to Julia)*—Courting another woman, he, Julia Bahane, and we blaming poor Hanora for her silence !

*Julia (going round chair and putting hand on Hanora's right shoulder, Mary putting hand on Hanora's left)*—Hanora, crater, how could we suspect it to be such a disgrace, or the tragedy of it, or the shame ! Never a haporth of the like of that with respect to our husbands, thanks be to God ! or, indeed, the likes of it not occurring in the parish for ages. And Jamesie Kennelly of all men in the world—the respectable man with the respectable wife and childre, and all that went before him and all that went before her likewise, fine respectable people. Hanora, crater !

*Mary*—Glory, Hanora, could it be that black thing in Mrs. Sugrue's eating-house he resorts to—the black thing with the poll of hair ?

*Julia*—No, Mary, but surely the red-haired lassie tends the bar in Miss Spillane's—my red-haired walloper, and with two red squinty eyes in her itself—a divvle.

(*Bids and Den come down from room.*)

*Hanora (wringing her hands)*—How can I tell it and how can I say it ? But Bids has wind of something ; and won't she be coming for him anyway ?—and then all will be known. Glory be to God, women, it's a fairy woman—the Linnaun Shee herself—has got my Jamesie !

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*Mary (with pitying incredulity and showing signs of disappointment)*—Hanora, crater, what fable is it you're spinning to us, or what means this little whim? Thank God, darling woman, there is no signs of the senses spreading in you, and, indeed, it's a solid head is on your husband, Jamesie.

*Julia*—Whether or which, if a whisper of this goes about, the people are bound to be shaking their heads and they no longer giving in to Linnaun Shees. That won't benefit the prospects of your marrying son and daughter, Hanora, for, have no doubt on it, what they will be saying is that you or Jamesie, or maybe the pair of you itself, are airy—gone and touched.

*Hanora (determinedly)*—That aspect of the matter don't signify the black of your nail to me, women; and my only grief, my only tragedy, that she, whatever she is, to be coming between me and my man. Though, maybe, I shouldn't be blaming the fairy woman, with him these weeks past going roaming, thinking to get a glimpse of her, or have a whisper with her, the heart breaking with him when she wouldn't answer him, and he invoking to her in the glens and the haunted places.

*Julia*—A man of his years, sobriety and beard! Let there be truth or fancy in the old people's stories about the Linnaun Shee, 'twas always, whatever, some airy-going youth they'd make out as having a truck with her. But my father of a big family, my whiskered block of a solid farmer! (*Incredulously.*) Wisha, Hanora!

*Hanora*—Whisht! isn't it going with her he was in the days of his youth, though 'twas little I knew it, and 'twas little I knew—on the very day we were married itself—that a brown girl who was making signs to him, and laughing and smiling to him, and that I took to be some local having capers with him, was the dame herself, the Linnaun Shee, trying to draw him back to keep him with her forever, I suppose, but he giving her the go-by, having decided to settle down to be happy in the farming way. But they do be saying likewise, whoever gives her the go-by she never has a truck with again, and I wouldn't mind the little flight of his youth (*mournfully*) but my decent man of a husband, at his fifty-five years of age itself, to be turning his thoughts to her again, and striving to force her itself to do a thing she was never known to do before. I'd never have known a whack—glory be to God!—but for his ramblings in his sleep and he talking, and 'twas from that that I would be following him unbeknownst to the haunted glens, and 'twas from the same I learnt she is to come for him this May Eve, he talking in a dream and he dead asleep, and the answer coming in the small voice of a woman in the darkness and the stillness of the night.

*Mary (sitting down on a chair near Den, Julia coming around and sitting on chair between Mary and Hanora)*—It could be a drean you had yourself, Hanora, your mind on the one thing. As Julia was saying, 'twon't do your famly any good if the tale gets abroad, and, as your friend, I beg of you not to let it get beyond what's here of us in this kitchen. With the help of God this night will pass over you without signs or tidings of Linnaun Shees, and I'm thinking it's the same thing he would say to

you—this shrewd man that's walking in to us, your sister's husband, Daniel Tobin. (*Enter Daniel.*) You might as well know it quick, Daniel Tobin, and be talking to her—a vagary Hanora has got about some Linnaun Shee putting the comether on Jamesie.

*Daniel (who is a big rough-looking man, and speaks in a loud, self-sufficient, proud way)*—It must be Irish she's learning and to have capers like that come into her head, like the variations of the little clerks coming down from Dublin, the people praising them, but laughing in their own minds at the colldye of a thing, thinking it's Irish, they do be pronouncing through their little pussers. Foolery all out, it is and this tie of Hanora's proves it. I could speak Irish as well as the greyest old hag back in the west of Dingle, but (*with a crack of fingers*) I wouldn't give you a button for it.

*Julia (with emotion, pressing Mary with hand)*—The sense of Daniel Tobin !

*Mary (with emotion, pressing Julia)*—And the best farmer in the County Kerry !

*Daniel (pompously)*—But it's wasting my valuable time I am, and 't isn't about Linnaun Shees I want to be talking to Jamesie Kennelly, but about another thing. 'Tis so I bowled hether, Hanora, for the loan of that scuffler to rise to a share of drills, and where is himself till I be asking him, or is it him I hear clattering above in that room ?

*Hanora*—Who else would it be ?—and 'tis the light boots and the new suit of clothes he has taken up in it likewise—beautifying himself up, avico, before the Lady. (*Sighing.*) I see I won't be believed, but in the meantime, Daniel Tobin, what necessity is there on you to be asking the loan of the scuffler or what it might be and you wanting a thing ?

*Daniel (emphatically)*—I wouldn't take the loan of a hairpin from my grandmother without asking for it, Hanora Kennelly. That's my way, and I'm Daniel Tobin. (*Going to foot of ladder, shouting.*)—But will you be making your appearance, Jamesie Kennelly, and not be delaying me in my business ? Money to be made ; for my time is money.

*Julia (to Mary)*—The energy, the go, the spunk of him !—I praise the woman has him for a husband.

*Mary*—Don't be talking, Julia Bahane ! The beat of Daniel Tobin isn't on the globe.

*Daniel (losing patience)*—What, in the name of God, is keeping him anyway ? Will you be coming down to me again, I'm saying, and I wanting the loan of the scuffler ?—or is it a spasm of the snuffles you've got and gone deaf according ? Jamesie Kennelly, do you hear me, I'm saying again ?

*Jamesie (appearing at top of stairs, crossly)*—Isn't it hearing you I am and what bellowing and bawling have you ? In the name of all that's good take away that scuffler with you, and (*coming downstairs*) 't isn't alone the scuffler you can take and keep likewise, but the cows and the sheep and the pigs, and the land itself, and the house itself, and every whack



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besides, with herself here to boot, for all it matters to me, and the hour that's in it, one thought in my head only—the coming of my beauteous Linnaun Shee (*Jumps on the floor smartly.*)

*Julia (shrilly)*—Then 'tis his is the delusion ! It has him diddled complete, and to have him talk like that out before Hanora, out before her very puss itself. Oh, shameless, shameless !

*Jamesie*—What shame need there be on me, woman, and 'tisin't jealous Hanora need be either, for this is not love in the carnal way. But how could I describe to you the aspects of my Queen of Loveliness that it has failed them all to describe—all the poets since the world began ? 'Tisin't to be described they could be, and the snowdrop no compare to the sheen of her whiteness, the reddest and loveliest rose nothing to the blush she sometimes wore. And beyond all this her voice with the sound of silver bells chiming, but sweeter and something more, in a manner when her song would rise in the brambly glens and hollows the thrush and the blackbird would become silent, ashamed I suppose of their own poor tunings, or, maybe, not able to hear themselves and the way the valley would be ringing with her beauteous music, and even the green linnet that's always noising, once she'd start, wouldn't let another note out of him for the remainder of the livelong day.

*Daniel (amusedly, contemptuously)*—It's listening to you I am ; and that reminds me of some queer complaint I hear tell of is going at present above in Bungleshen, and it could be you have got a sketch of it, Jamesie Kennelly. They say it's only special people gets it, and they say, likewise, the best way to manage the patient is to give him the finest flaking and walloping a warrant ever got for three hours before the breakfast. Faith, Hanora, it's a strong, able woman you are by yourself, but with the help of that hardy damsel 'longside you, you could do reddening all out. And, as I'm alluding to Bids—thank God, it's a respectable married man I am, and don't want to put notions into no one's head—but there is no denying if it's in her propinquity I was, 'tins't thinking of Linnaun Shees Daniel Tobin would be, anyway.

*Julia, Mary (with delight and admiration)*—Sound to you, Daniel Tobin !—gay talk and shrewd talk.

*Bids (having made the punch, going to Daniel and offering him glass gaily)*—You must have the first of it for the compliment—even if it's but a half-compliment itself and it coming from a big, proud farmer.

*Julia, Mary*—It's to the right man you have given the first of it, Bids—the man to diddle apishness ; 'tisin't like our old durnawny here in the corner, God help us ! Hanora, no help at all to you in your queer misfortune, and he, glory be to God ! no good for king or country.

*Den (chuckling)*—'Tis so ; 'tis so ; still, haven't I cures ? I have cures, I have cures. For the culligreefeens I have cures, and cures for the garradhuv ; but, Got help me ! I have no cure at all, and I'm thinking there's no cure, for a servant girl that's in love.



*Jamesie (to Bids, who, having given the others drink, comes to him)*—No drink for me, girl—don't you see me looking and the lovely vision I'm seeing. Like the star of eve she is, and here she is coming across the baan, my lovely one—my lovely one.

*Daniel (giving glance through window)*—It's a turkey cock I see. If it isn't itself—*(to Jamesie)*—you fool, it's only some poor beggar-woman with a blue cloak on her I see, and she sneaking and coming looking for alms, in dread of her life the sheep-dog will eat her. *(Door flies open inwardly ; he jumps with terror towards dresser.)* The door to open of itself ! Glory be !

*Den (slyly)*—Isn't it the wind is after blowing it in ?

*Daniel*—The wind to do it and it latched ! and no breeze anyway. In the name of God, what is it ?

*Jamesie*—Why wouldn't it open and she coming ? Wouldn't the sea divide in compliment to her marvels, and the solid rock part to shorten for her the way. She's on the threshold. *(Linnaun Shee, who has the appearance of a horrid wrinkled old hag, enters.)* She's in. *(With emotion)*—My lovely young one, 'tis so long since we met, and how did we ever separate !

*Julia, Mary (strenuously, gesticulating)*—Foola, Jamesie Kennelly, blinded by an old vagabone's chicanery, an old toothless hag, and she surely no Linnaun Shee.

*Jamesie (unheeding)*—My lovely young one ! And glory ! is it again I am to hear the chiming of that silvern voice ?

*Linnaun Shee (singing in a horrid, cracked way)*—Come away, come along, come away—

*Julia, Mary (as before)*—Foola, Jamesie Kennelly, she an old crow itself to boot !

*Linnaun Shee*—Come away, come along, come away—

Come, and we'll go roaming ;  
Fast by the winding Feale we'll rove  
And by Poul Tharriv's foaming.  
In Donal's fort we'll spend a while,  
When the moon is brightly shining,  
In Glounamucmae we'll stay till day  
And we won't be repining.

Come away, come along, come away, come along,  
come along, come along, come away.

*(Turns and goes out.)*

*Jamesie (moving towards door)*—As if there would be any hesitation on me, and I hardly even daring to believe it would ever come to me again, the happiness of this wondrous hour.

*Den (quizzically)*—Wouldn't you be stopping him, Daniel Tobin ?

*Daniel (testily)*—Is it danger you want to put on me and he in her spell ? I'll catch him by the sleeve, sure, but glory be to God, it's a risky thing I'm doing, coming against the Linnaun Shee.

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*Bids (rushing to Den)*—If you have cures wouldn't you give him one, and you saying you had one would give the clear-sight? (*Pulls box from Den's waistcoat pocket.*)

*Den (chuckling, taking out another box and handing it to her)*—'Tisn't that one, then, but this one.

*Bids (rushing to Jamesie, who has just freed himself from Daniel's grasp)*—I'm putting the little box in the pocket to you, Jamesie Kennelly, and if you have sense you'll rub it to the eyes, for if it isn't a fake of old Den's it might give you the clear-sight.

*Jamesie*—If it gave me all the sight in the world I wouldn't rub it to them, for 'tisn't wanting I am to have taken from me, my joy let who will call it my illusion; and, 'tisn't the light of the sun I want to see nor the light of the moon I want to see, but the more wondrous light that will be shining to me from the lovely eyes of my Linnaun Shee. (*Darts out door with a spring.*)

*Julia, Mary*—And gone with her he is! (*To Daniel, who has gone to door and has put one leg outside threshold*)—In the name of God, Daniel Tobin, and is it making for the haunted glen they are surely?

*Daniel*—Upon my soul, it's towards the quarry she is taking him, and it strikes me it's up to some mangy trick she is and as quick as they're going. Glory! it's at the very edge of it they are already, that fearful hole that sixty feet down, and then the water black and deep and cold. A fog has come down on them, and the devil a one of me knows what's now happening between them.

*Julia, Mary*—Is it a thing at all you see yet, Daniel Tobin?

*Daniel* — Faith, I'm seeing something teetotally different — the little high green field at the other side of the quarry lit up with a marvellous light in the middle of it, a light you would think was coming out of a funnel, and in the centre is herself, the Linnaun Shee, for you, but, faith, it's no longer Jamesie Kennelly is with her, but my young buck of a Timothy Dansell, the man that's contracted to marry my daughter Johann come next Shrove itself. (*Loudly*)—But, faith, that match is going to be broken now, for let what I see before me be a delusion or no delusion, for let that man have millions, it's no daughter of mine he would marry and I even getting the whisper of a suspicion he was having a truck with the Linnaun Shee.

*Julia, Mary (in tones of disgust)*—Young Timothy itself having a truck with that old yellow, withered, wrinkled screed!

*Daniel*—My hand to you, it's no longer yellow or withered she is, and she having herself back into the form of her youth—the form the old people used to know her by. I suppose she is as purty as Jamesie says, but what wonder is that and she setting up to be some sort of a fairy queen? She is starting to sing, but, faith, 'tis a different tune by her to that she gave out of the old gullet and she going in shaping in the likeness of a hag. (*Putting himself into a listening attitude.*) Hesht!

*Linnaun Shee (singing outside in sweet voice)*—Come away, come along, come away, etc. (*as before*).

*Daniel (at conclusion of song)*—Gone they are and disappeared as if by magic ; the strange light vanished likewise. It isn't the little high green field itself I can now see with the sudden darkening—you couldn't see your hand—all is becoming as black as jet, as black as ink (*closing and bolting door rapidly, and making a bound back towards dresser*). Whatever in the name of God it can mean, if it isn't the devil himself is up and about and working.

*Den (slyly)*—This is the second fit of the panics with you, my bold, brave, grand fellow.

*Julia, Mary (with asperity)*—Why wouldn't the man, durnawny ! get a fit of the panics, the lid of hell opened and devils, maybe, in hundreds around the house itself ?

(*Short pause. A heavy noise is heard of someone walking on the cobbles outside. The latch of door is raised gingerly. Den, who has risen, makes a move forward.*)

*Daniel (in loud tones of fright and anger as Den moves further forward)*—Don't attempt to open that door, Denisheen Canty ! Don't attempt it, I'm saying, and I forbid it.

*Julia, Mary (screaming)*—Is it gone mad you are entirely, Denisheen Canty ?

*Den (hobbling to door, chuckling)*—As if 't isn't time for me to know his step. (*Opens door, Jamesie enters, looking queer and haggard. and Hanora, who has been sitting facing auditorium, with clasped hands and fixed look, rises and half turns.*)

*Den*—The darkness is gone, and, thanks be ! 'tis the same as every other evening, no change in the lay of the land, no sign of Linnaun Shees, and the brindled heifer, without a curl out of her, is feeding away for herself, beyond in the paddock.

*Jamesie (moving about alertly)*—Alluding to that brindled heifer, let Jackeen be going to bed early for himself so he'll be up with the first light in the morning to help me to take her to the Big Fair—and we can't be too early, likewise, if we don't want to lose money in the price, and the Dublin buyers arriving in Abbeyfeale to-night. When Daniel is finished with that scuffler to-morrow let the servant boy go quick for it, and we having our own straak of drills to rise to ; and I hope to see that share of fencing in Dennis's meadow done, and done properly, by the time I return from the fair.

*Julia, Mary (recovering from their astonishment)*—So it's the way you rubbed that affair to your eyes, Jamesie Kennelly, and seen what we see—the Linnaun Shee in the shape of a horrid hag ?

*Jamesie*—'Tis equal whether or which, and I seen what I see, but whether I seen or not seen, I'm done forever with the Linnaun Shee.

*Hanora (with short sob, embracing him)*—Wisha, Jamesie !

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*Julia, Mary (taking up cans preparing to depart)*—'Tis the way he surely rubbed it to his eyes. (*With grudging admiration*)—But to think of my old durnawny there, having antidotes and things, and we having no opinion at all out of him.

*Den (who has hobbled back to his seat, chuckling)*—Ye wouldn't believe me I had cures, why? But, faith, I *have* cures. Cures I have for the culligreefeens and cures galore for the garradhuv; but—(*Bids observing him quizzically, and apparently undecided as to whether she ought to be offended*)—bad luck to it—I have no cure at all—for there's only one cure—for a servant girl that's in love.

[*Curtain.*]



## The Resplendent Quetzal Bird.

(South America.)

Others have divers paints and enamels,  
Lavish and bright on breast and wing-feathers :  
You, Gautemalean, have sunken all colours  
Into glory of greenness !

There may be palms as greenly resplendent,  
Palms by the Fountain of Youth in Anahuac,  
Such greens there may be on sea-sunken bronzes—  
The Gates of Callao !

There may be words in rituals spoken  
To Quetzalcoatl, the god who went westward,  
Words like the gash made by knives of obsidian,  
That tell of such greenness !

PADRAIC COLUM.

## Book Reviews

AT A VENTURE. By Charles Bennett. New York : Harpers. 1924. \$2.50.

Like unto bread cast upon the waters is the bow drawn at a venture—only that they have the sanction of ancient custom, these two gambles might eventually come under some form of Lottery law. Mr. Bennett's venture has resulted in some amazing flights of the shafts of fancy. Not once, nor twice, has he hit a mark, he has shot holes in the veil that hides the unknown, and revealed unsuspected and fearsome paths wherein humanity might wander.

Until he told us of his discovery of it, I, for one, had never even dreamed of a bird's nest built on the ground of grass and twigs, cunningly fastened together with string and wire, and lined with broken glass. An observant man, C. A. Bennett. But not only in Nature, in the realms of Literature, his lot has been cast in the weird and unusual. When I had read the adventure of a book-reviewer, I thanked what stars I have that I have not yet been faced with such a title as "Fifty Thousand Leagues under the Sub-Conscious : A Study in Futurist Psychology." You may read how he covers the journey. That the author has seized upon and sized up the possibilities of writing a Preface for a book that does not exist would place him like a star, apart, and with a quaint sense of making the punishment fit the crime, he sketches, also, the hopeless after-death condition of a certain type of editor.—if only the hint bear fruit, there may, in future, be more genuine grief at the necessity of rejecting MSS. than at present obtains. We realise the sense of humour possessed by the ancient Editor with the hour-glass and scythe in taking Herrick and Keats and Wordsworth off the list, before the arrival of the Art of Advertising. We are shown by Mr. Bennett what might have happened, and we feel that it was, after all, for the best.

Twenty line drawings by Clarence Day, Jr., do their part in emphasizing unusual aspects of humanity, and give us glimpses of his power of selecting the one line that shall tell most.

The adoption of the title of the book for general heading seemed at first to be a fly in the syrup, but I have since come to the conclusion that it may serve the purpose, in a humorous way, of reminding the reader that a "Contents" page is for use, and that if you have the name of an essay heading each page—well, it only tends to encourage sloth. Mr. Bennett is an artist in humour.

ARTHUR KELLS.

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THE MASK. An Illustrated Journal of the Art of the Theatre. July, 1924. Printed and published in Florence. London Agent : The Chelsea Publishing Co., 16 Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea. 2s. 6d.

All fanatics of the theatre will rejoice that "The Mask," so long now emanating from Florence, has at last a special London agent, and that copies of a magazine so delightful in its make-up (lacking nothing, indeed, but a trifle more margin to render it perfect) can at last be obtained of all booksellers. If one recalls in this connection the old Elizabethan saying, "An Englishman

italianate is the devil incarnate," it is because "The Mask" has always had a considerable spice of devilry in its composition. Satan is the spirit who denies, and it is one of the cardinal principles—perhaps *the* cardinal principle—of this italianate English journal to deny the right of existence to many outstanding features of the normal British theatre. Though this note resounds throughout the July issue, the outstanding feature of the number is of a purely historical order. This is Mr. Gordon Craig's vivaciously written and lavishly illustrated article dealing with John Evelyn's continental tour, and more especially with the theatres, ancient and modern, he visited, and the operas and marionette shows he saw. The fact that there were many good things by the way he missed goes to show that Evelyn, unlike his friend Pepys (whom Mr. Craig disparages!) was but a tepid admirer of the dramatic muses. The whole paper is an admirable object lesson: it shows how dry-as-dust details can be given human appeal by the wand of the enchanter. Occasionally, however, Mr. Craig, in his fervour, over-reaches himself. It would be interesting to learn his evidence for the contention in a somewhat romancing footnote that the "instrument of strange motions" which certain "Italian plaiers" were authorised to exhibit in London in 1573 was a puppet show. Whatever the nature of this show, it was known commonly in town and country for forty years after, distinctively, as "the Italian motion." If it were simply a puppet show, one is at a loss to know how it can have been distinguished from the abounding English puppet shows of the time. None of the records really reveal its nature. In 1632 mention is made in the Coventry Council books of "an Italiann motion with divers and sundry storyes in it." In what sense are we to take the word "storyes"? Then, again, at Norwich, in 1640, Robert Brown and George Hall had their licence cancelled because they had described as an "Italian motion" some device that was made in London. My own opinion is that the show of 1573 and Italian motions generally were something otherwise than puppet shows; but, perhaps, Mr. Gordon Craig has the clinching evidence up his sleeve.

W. J. L.

### THE DRAMA IN EUROPE IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By Eleanor F. Jourdain. Methuen and Co., Ltd. 5s.

It would be difficult to devise a title for this panoramic little book which should be neatly comprehensive, but, in accord with its introduction, we think "The Philosophy of Dramatic Evolution" would be a trifle more significant than the one it bears. Duty is duty, but it is never a pleasant task to damn with faint praise. The misfortune is that although her study is not without its sporadic merits (the chapter on Greek and Roman Plays is acute and the analysis of Racine masterly), Dr. E. F. Jourdain, notwithstanding her academic eminence, lacks full qualification for the severe task she has undertaken. More than half the book is devoted to a consideration of the reaction between national dramaturgy and the physical conditions of the stage, a subject which demands long and intensive study of the history of stage mounting and theatrical architectonics. Of that knowledge Dr. Jourdain possesses no more than a smattering, with the result that her pronouncements are often vague through unscientific generalisation, disfigured by rash *obiter dicta*, and rendered positively harmful by flagrant distortions of the truth. Here and there, with characteristically feminine caprice, one finds her deducing Elizabethan customs, not from historic evidence, but purely from the fantastic devices of modern sham-archaic pro-



ducers like Reinhardt and William Poel. There is not a scintilla of proof that the Elizabethan actor ever made his exit through the audience (p. xviii. footnote). Nor can it be demonstrated that "acts were a later division imposed on Shakespeare's plays. There was one pause after the crisis. In the *Merchant of Venice* this occurs after the Trial Scene." If Shakespeare did not write in acts and his plays were played without breaks, how are we to account for the metaphor in *King John* ?—

"As in a theatre, when they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death."

Other misconceptions of the Elizabethan stage occur in the chapter on "The Drama of the Renaissance." Relative to the upper and lower curtains which hung at the back, we are told that "The curtains—red for a sacred drama—were 'perse' or blue-black for a tragedy, and other colours were used for comedies." There is clear evidence that the stage was draped in black when tragedies were performed, but none for the employment of specific colours when other kinds of play were given. Here we have an echo of an old unsubstantiated legend. Dr. Jourdain's bland ignorance of the fact that the early seventeenth century stage had several traps permits her to say that "A trap-door for the emergence of a ghost was made in the proscenium, where it served alike for the ghost in *Hamlet* and for the grave-digging in the same play." Anybody who has a fairly sound knowledge of stage mechanism will scoff at the idea that a ghost could come up a grave-trap. Again, Dr. Jourdain, basing on a wholly irrelevant statement in Holinshed which deals with a court performance given half a century before the building of the first London theatre, says: "The curtain or awning over the actors' house was of blue material, spangled with stars and reinforced by the sun and moon." To which the only reply is that there was no curtain or awning over the actors' house.

Confusing contradictions occur. At page 18, Dr. Jourdain, following received opinion, says of Seneca's tragedies, "they were probably not intended for stage presentation," but exactly thirty pages later we read:

"It has been said that the supernatural figures in Seneca's plays were merely decorative in effect. They were, in fact, as much a part of the scenery as the columns and statues by which they stood."

French theatrical history is seriously perverted by the statement (page 37) that the *Confrères de la Passion* acted at the *Salle du Petit Bourbon*, a court theatre with which they were never associated. Dr. Jourdain is prolific in analogies, a few of which are happy and the rest merely fanciful. Of the artificial moving figures whose use was advocated by Serlio in 1545, it is considering much too curiously to say:

"This perhaps is a memory of the silent actors of the Greek and Roman classical stage; but it is the first account of the representation of a play with the help of paste-board figures which developed later into the Italian marionette show."

The italics are mine. If Dr. Jourdain really believes that the puppet show had no existence before the days of Serlio she had best read up her Magnin.

Considerations of space, not to speak of the patience of the reader, prevent discussion of more than half the ugly blunders which vitiate this book. But a few more may be dealt with. At page 59 we are told that "The Spanish drama was divided into acts or *days*, and the division was marked by an interlude." There is here serious confusion. An act and a *day* (the French technicality was *journée*) were not equivalents. Plays were sometimes written in parts—mostly two—and acted on successive days. Hence each part was called a "day." On this score something may be learnt from Jusserand's "Shakespeare in



France." In discussing French staging of the second quarter of the seventeenth century, Dr. Jourdain points out (page 66) that "D'Aubignac, in his *Pratique du Théâtre* advocates observance of the unity of place, with qualifications, advocating the use of curtains, where necessary, for concealment or disclosures." But in failing to see that the curtains referred to were comparatively small curtains covering certain portions of the multiple scene, she obscures D'Aubignac's meaning for the student. "It appears to be likely," she continues, "that the need for some modification in the setting brought about the habit of dropping the curtain between the acts, when music was used to disguise the noise made by the re-arrangement of the stage." As a matter of fact, it did nothing of the kind. It did not become customary to drop the curtain between the acts in the French theatre until well on in the eighteenth century. The Restoration Theatre followed the French custom, all changes of scenery, with few exceptions, taking place in full sight of the audience. So much for professorial guesswork. But one finds gross carelessness even in direct statement. At page 84 we are told that "Sketches of Inigo Jones's plans [for scenery] have been preserved in All Souls' and Christ Church libraries (Oxford) and in the library at Chatsworth." Nothing of the kind exists at the two Oxford libraries mentioned, but there is a design in duplicate for a small court theatre (the one by Jones and the other probably by Webb, his pupil) in Worcester College library, and some of the most important designs of all are to be found in the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum.

*Noblesse oblige.* It is the paramount duty of the scholar, if urged to write, to write scholarly books. Superficial work from one in authority bears a spurious hall-mark and is positively mischievous. Hence the imperative necessity to nail the base coin to the counter.

W. J. L.

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE FIRST EDITIONS OF BOOKS BY  
W. B. YEATS. Compiled by A. J. A. Symons. London: The First  
Edition Club, 1924. 7s. 6d.

A list of first editions bears much the same relation to a full bibliography as a motor drive does to a walk through the country, for the most pleasant (if also the most difficult) part of bibliography lies in those side-paths, those pleasant meandering by-ways which are also the delight of the collector. Within the narrow limits he has set to his work, Mr. Symons has done well, and his list, as a list, is reliable. But a comparison of this little tract, with the earlier work of Mr. Wade, published in 1908, and already a rare item, much sought after by Yeats collectors, is inevitable. Mr. Symons might at least have mentioned, without much deviating from his path, the curious re-issue of "The Wanderings of Oisín" with the Ellis illustration, a book which is not often seen. Mr. Symons' little Bibliography, the first production of the First Edition Club, is finely printed. We wish the Club all success in its subsequent undertakings.

R. J.

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## A SOLDIER'S STORY.

Soldiers make notoriously bad authors—and notoriously good storytellers. And that is the key to Dan Breen's book (*My Fight for Irish Freedom*: Talbot Press. 5s.). As literature it is bad, frankly bad, without, perhaps, a redeeming feature. As the setting down of a soldier's simple telling of his

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exploits it is excellent, except where the hand that sets down strays off the soldier's path into the byways of politics. But to other judges must be left the accuracy of this charge or that—hotly contested though they now be in that world of conversation which is seldom reflected in the newspapers. The impression the book leaves is that of a mediaeval soldier of fortune at the fireside of an inn telling his life story to the circle of yokels and travellers whose shoes steam an inch from the logs. It grows late, but nobody stirs to move homeward, or thinks even to look up at the clock, whose tick o' other nights was so uncommonly loud. Here and there the narrative is held up while the bumpers are filled or the pipes re-lit. The soldier boasts somewhat—what soldier lived that could help it?—and is wont, when speaking of them as a body, to rate his enemies lowly. But that also is in character.

The book begins with the founding of the Volunteers in 1914, and recounts from that day to the end of 1923 the author's adventurous life. It gives the inner story of many conflicts which at their times loomed large in the people's life—the Soloheadbeg ambush, which began the guerilla war, the Knocklong rescue five months later, the attempt to kill Lord French on December 19th, 1919, the attacks on barracks: all culminating in that tremendous fight in "Fernside," Drumcondra, which reads like one of those scenes in historical fiction where the high-born hero, ringed round with his enemies' rapiers, cuts his way to liberty in a manner which makes orthodox miracles pale a little. The less picturesque automatic pistol was Dan Breen's weapon, but it is easy to see him standing on the stairway, two dying British officers at his feet, emptying his revolver into others who have retreated before his bull-like rush. One can almost hear him pant as he re-loads.

It is all thrilling, and forcibly recalls to one who was intimate with the period the atmosphere of half-apprehension, half-exaltation, which was breathed in those days. Yet it is a book one would prefer to think of being read in Ireland than out of it; to be studied by adults than by young people who might over-estimate from it the value of the gun. But if we are fully to understand the various types and motives that combine to make a war for liberty, we cannot afford to overlook books like this, though we must never regard them as serious history, and in reading them we are sometimes rewarded by many surprises and unexpected thrills and kindly glimpses into the unrecorded life of the people.

CECIL O'HANLON.